



McKim Co.



HaKinCo

Volume Two
of the Year Book of the

**National Kindergarten
College**



Nineteen Hundred Seventeen



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To our
Miss Harrison

whose life will ever be an inspiration to her girls

This Book
is lovingly dedicated.

A Toast to N. K. C.

Here's to the College we all hold dear,
Here's to our Alma Mater!
In all our hearts she has no peer,
Here's to our Alma Mater!

A decorative rectangular border with rounded corners, featuring stylized floral and leaf motifs at each corner. The word "Foreword" is centered within this border in a large, black, Gothic-style serif font.

Foreword

NA KIN CO, Our Book, the result of the work, love, talent and co-operation of the girls of N. K. C., goes forth with its message. Its highest aim is to hold true to this purpose: to mirror those beloved College days with their frolics and their labors, so that we, in reading, may live them again; to keep fresh the inspiration of those great ideals of living and service which our College has given us; to bring other hearts to the sheltering arms of N. K. C.

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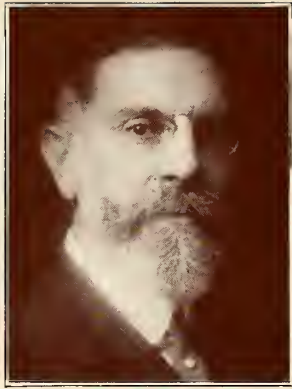
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Colors . . . Green and White

Flower . . . White rose

Motto . . . "Words pay no debts; give deeds"



DESSA MARGUERITE
GRANDON

"Gran"

STERLING, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Dimples and lyric soprano.
OCC.: Planning Jeff's study hours.

*"Coming events cast their shadows
before."*

VERA CLARA GOING

"Abe"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Ability to lead.
OCC.: Doing her duty.

*"To do easily what is difficult for others
is the mark of thy talent."*



RUTH LAMERTON SCHOON-
MAKER

"Schoon"

CAMBRIA, WYOMING.

GIFT: "Pep."
OCC.: Wanting to be an Indian.

*"Beauty and health are the chief sources
of happiness."*

MARY HARRIET COLLINS

"Unc' Remus"

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

GIFT: Story-Telling.

OCC.: Managing student government.

*"For Nature made her what she is, and
ne'er made sich anither."*



EILEEN CATHERINE LACEY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Beauty.

OCC.: Attending "Formals."

*"You were born for love and it is impos-
sible to think of your not seeking it."*

ADA JULIETTE CHUBB

"Chubbins"

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

GIFT: Ringling the Second. Cutting
circus animals.

OCC.: Attending "Unc' Remus."

*"Great of heart, and high in thought,
strong in purpose."*





HELEN JEFFERIES

"Jeff"

DICKINSON, NORTH DAKOTA.

GIFT: Tripping the light fantastic.

OCC.: Answering the telephone.

*"Let us dream that love goes with you, to
an unknown shore."*

- FRANCES LOUISE CUTLER

LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Efficiency.

OCC.: Taking the bus.

*"So fair and sweet, so all-complete,
And all unconscious as a flower,
Light and fragrance are her bower."*



MARGARET WHITNEY DODS

"Marg"

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Diplomacy.

OCC.: Making use of limited space.

*"A good talker, even more than a good
orator implies a good audience."*

FLORENCE EVELYN JOHNSON

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Serenity.

OCC.: Making an impression in debates.

"Nothing endures but personal qualities."



INACE HORTENSE OWEN

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Punctuality.

OCC.: Preparing assignment as soon as given.

"More hearts are won by smiles, than by tears."

BERTA NANDA EMANUELINE
HOWELL

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Reciting when no one else can.

OCC.: Waiting for Vera Going.

"Life's summits are worthy of the climb."





EDITH LYDIA JOHNSON

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

GIFT: Doing things well.
OCC.: Mothering her flock.

*"It is in you as in soils, there is a vein of
gold which you know not of."*



Special Senior Students

DOROTHY FENTON

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

HELEN RAY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Our "Special Students,"
Bless their hearts!
In some good classes share.
They like to cook and help in "Gift"
And waft a story on the air.
But when to "Psych"
And finds within
Such classes as *we* dare;
You call the roll and look about
And, lo! they are not there.

Senior Class History

SEPTEMBER, 1914, will be a time which will long be cherished in the hearts of seventy-six girls, for it was on September 16th that these seventy-six girls entered our dear N. K. C. as Freshmen.

At first we were like other timid Freshmen classes, looking with awe upon the dignified Seniors, and wondering if we would ever learn enough to be known as "old girls." Such a trifle as this, however, is soon forgotten, and when we discovered that we were the largest Freshman class in the history of the school, we began to lose our timidity, and look upon ourselves as of some importance after all.

In a short time we became very business-like and organized our class with Elizabeth Jacobs as President, and much to our joy Miss McClellan became our class member.

Our Freshman class was given a new responsibility—that of Assemblies. These were grave undertakings, especially since the Seniors and Juniors had preceded us with their splendid programs. However, we did creditably well in our first public appearance, and this gave us courage for our first social event, the Freshman dance. It was a pronounced success, and so we were established in the annals of the College as a really "live class."

The history of our class would "ne'er be history" if the launch ride in Jackson Park, given to the class by Miss McClellan, were not mentioned. Such a good time as we did have, even though a storm threatened and we departed with the happy memories of an enjoyable afternoon, and spirits as high as the waves which were lashing the shores in front of the German Building where we had tea.

Thus our first year at N. K. C. passed into history, with each one looking forward to the return of classmates in the fall. Summer sped quickly and before we knew it we were back at College, greeting each other amid much talking and laughing, overjoyed at the fact that now we are indeed "old girls"—that position envied by all newcomers at College.

We had been a large class as Freshmen, but as Juniors our ranks were swelled to the goodly number of eighty. We lived up to our reputation of being a "live class," and before many days had passed held our election. Early in the year we gave a welcoming party for the Freshmen. The next social event of the class was the Junior dance in the Dormitory.

This year Eleanor Underwood became our class president, and Miss Woodson our class sponsor. It was due to Miss Woodson's influence and efforts that we Juniors had the opportunity and pleasure of telling stories on Saturday afternoons to the children in the wards of St. Luke's Hospital. In addition to this, two Juniors went every Tuesday morning to tell stories to the children in the waiting room of the Juvenile Court.

Our Junior cabaret gave an opportunity for class originality and proved most successful. It will never be forgotten by either the performers or those who attended. Another event in the history of our class was the truly delightful afternoon Miss Woodson, our class faculty member, gave us in May. After assembling in the parlors of the Woman's Club we followed our hostess and much to our delight entered the Little Theatre where we were most delightfully entertained with a marionette performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. This particular performance was of especial interest to our class because the Juniors were to give scenes from this play at the Shakespeare Pageant. The party was such a charming surprise that for days one would hear animated groups of Juniors saying, "Wasn't it perfectly wonderful?" which is certain proof that it was enjoyed by all.

Commencement time was a mixture of joy and sorrow, so many of our class were not coming back to be Seniors the next fall, and our two years of work and play had made us all such good friends. Nevertheless, we braced up and on the final day put forth our best efforts for the festive occasion. But oh, how good it did seem to be able to say, "I am coming back to be a Senior. Are you? Won't it be splendid?"

September, 1916, found ten of our original Freshman class with those who had joined us last year and two who had entered our ranks this year, back amid familiar scenes and faces as dignified Seniors. Even though we were outwardly thrilled at the importance of our positions, inwardly we had feelings such as long suffering Atlas must have had when we beheld the Bulletin and learned of all that was depending upon us for support.

Thus far we fifteen mates have weathered the storms, and are sailing beneath clear skies. If any one doubts that the Senior year is not a wonderful experience, a year filled with joy, and the added inspiration which rounds out the triangle of the other two years, just ask the class of 1917!

Of course, since it has been ordained by tradition that the Senior class should be "panicky" when it comes time for Extemporaneous Speaking and Debates, we had our anxious moments. For the benefit of future Seniors, let us hasten to assure everyone that the tradition part is really the worst, and that they proved to be very tame and harmless creatures whom we succeeded in subduing in a very short time. With the splendid experience gained from our speeches we feel quite capable of taking President Wilson's place if that ever becomes necessary.

Our welcoming party to the Freshmen was the only occasion so far this year when we assumed the role of hostesses, for our time has been well filled with thoughts of our very own kindergartens, Moral Will, Comparative Psychology and many others, and yet we would not exchange these thoughts for any number of frivolous ones.

Speaking of thoughts reminds one of assemblies. We had the responsibility of starting them this year, and so there were many anxious moments. But with our Senior President, Marguerite Grandon in charge, we succeeded in launching them valiantly, and keeping them afloat.

Before beginning our classes in Interpretation of Art with Mr. Arnold we spent a very enjoyable afternoon at his home reveling in pictures, music and books.

Thus three helpful and happy years are nearing an end, and it is our hope and aim that we may be able to help other girls to enter the doors of N. K. C. where they too may gain the inspiration which has meant so much to us in the past three years. As we go out to take our share in the work we love so well, it will be with hearts filled with love for our Alma Mater, and with happy memories of dear friends we have made at N. K. C.

VERA GOING.



Life is like unto a great white rose
Which lifts its shining petals to the sun ;
From out the shadows which surround it, grows,
By us unseen, until—behold—
A flower with fragrance flooding all the soul !

When one has heard the stir of angel wings,
And learned to sing the song of brotherhood ;
When every morn a fresh adventure brings
In simple deeds made holy—life, 'tis clear,
Becomes a rose of Paradise—for God is here !

BERTHA M. RHODES.



Senior Prophecy

THEY had told me I must prophesy,
But I knew not what to do,
For I was not born a prophet,
Any more than one of you.

So I took a trip in fancy,
On a modern airship line
Where our class had gone before me;
'Twas the year of '29.

As I stepped upon the platform,
And was ready then to go,
I heard a voice call, "All aboard,
For Kindergarten Row."

The voice was so familiar
That I turned to see the face
And there stood Helen Jefferies
Getting ready for our race.

And as we went a-flying,
She pointed out the sights
And the way she ran that airship
Proved her true to Woman's Rights.

We descended on a College,
The head of which, you see,
Was our classmate Mary Collins,
Stories, her specialty.

As we journeyed through the building
We were quite surprised to meet
Ada Chubb, at Occupation
They had found her hard to beat.

Frances Cutler, Supervisor,
Did not know that we were there,
So we dropped in to surprise her,
And you should have seen her stare.

She told us how she loved the work,
And said, in terms most glowing,
"You see, I send my best cadets
To be trained by Vera Going."

A mansion we next visited,
Margaret Dod's abode;
The happiest of mothers,
Kindergarten was her code.

* * * * *

Our next stop was at Tokio,
According to our plan,
And here was Edith Johnson,
Kindergartner in Japan.

The whole trip brought surprises—
The billboards as we passed,
Proclaimed an Indian drama,
Ruth Schoonmaker led the cast.

Others, an opera singer,
Published both far and near,
Behold, 'twas Marguerite Grandon,
Prima donna for the year.

Bertha Howell was interpreting
Snider's works with greatest skill.
And every member of her class
Was learning how to use her "will."

Florence Johnson was directing
Her first class in debates,
The girls were not nervous
She most knowingly relates.

Then we met Dorothy Fenton,
A politician without fear,
Who as a stump speaker,
Was as good as you could hear.

In the far off city of Bombay,
We met our classmate, Helen Ray.
For travels wide she made her name,
And was a lecturer of fame.

Now, my guide turned quickly to me,
"Eileen Lacey, what of you?"
And I laughed and softly told her,
Then away for home we flew.

Would we might take in reality,
On that famous airship line,
The trip I took in fancy
In the year 1929.

But who knows in this world of wonders,
Where fancies oft come true,
That this trip I took in fancy
Might be realized by you.



Senior Will

Know All Men by These Presents, that we, the Seniors of '16-'17, being of sound and disposing mind and memory and calling to mind the uncertainty of human life, do hereby perform and declare this to be our last will and testament in manner and form following:

We bequeath to the Seniors of '17-'18 the North Class Room, that great center of learning and battlefield of extemporaneous speech; the Kitchen, where the mysteries of carbo-hydrates, proteins, et cetera, were solved; hikes into wood and sand with the valuable addition of scratches, spring halt and burrs; the teaching of the Freshman "idea how to shoot." We trust that these beloved haunts, periods of overwhelming knowledge and cherished property will be duly appreciated and treasured by our heirs. It is by means of these and many other inspirations we have gained at N. K. C. that we have "crossed the bar" and now it may be said:

Lives of Seniors all remind us
Juniors, too, may be sublime,
And departing leave behind them
Freshmen on the sands of time.

In Witness Whereof, we hereby subscribe our names and affix our seals on this seventh day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

ADA JULIETTE CHUBB
VERA C. GOING
BERTA N. E. HOWELL
INACE H. OWEN
FLORENCE E. JOHNSON
HELEN JEFFERIES
MARGUERITE GRANDON
EILEEN C. LACEY
RUTH L. SCHOONMAKER
FRANCES L. CUTLER
MARGARET W. DODS
MARY H. COLLINS
EDITH L. JOHNSON

Senior Assemblies

FACULTY, Juniors and Freshmen dear,
Hark, while I tell you Assemblies are here.
And in the few months which are to come,
Let's have a good time and profitable one.
At first will be items of interest to all,
(We expect they will come from all parts of the hall)
Next a program we'll give of some kind,
And in this program we hope you will find
A chance to relax your over-worked mind.
The purposes of Assemblies, you see,
Are to bring us together in close unity;
To display our wit and knowledge of Art,
(I'm sure every girl will be glad to take part):
To show our talent on musical lines,
To dramatize stories, songs or rhymes;
To discover new genius, to add to our poise,
To find literary talent, the greatest joys.
Thus the final aim of our Assemblies will be
To enhance the school spirit in N. K. C.

The Senior Assemblies opened with our College song and, after a short period of current events, girls, dressed to illustrate songs, appeared in a large picture frame. The first song was "Sweet and Low," represented by a demure little lady rocking her baby to sleep. A pretty, young girl, attractively dressed, was next seen as the Seniors burst forth singing "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean." Mother Machree was in a soft black gown with dainty white collar and cuffs, while "Kathleen Mavourneen" was a winsome girl in bright raiment; "Annie Laurie" brought the house down in laughter with her saucy Scottish costume. "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes," was represented by a sweet maiden, well worth the toast of any young man. The dashing young Indian maiden who appeared as "The Land of the Sky Blue Waters" was sung, was very realistic. "Believe me if all those Endearing Young Charms" was, of course, portrayed by a typical Irish girl in a costume of green, which was quite a contrast to the pensive maid bowing her head as she told her "Rosary." "Just a Song of Twilight," put romance into every girl's heart as she gazed into the beyond, and "Juanita," a sparkling Spanish maiden, was very much enjoyed. The program concluded with "America," represented by a girl dressed in the stars and stripes, with a gold crown on her head, and the entire school standing and singing with Senior class.

The second assembly consisted of a literary program combined with shadow pictures. Miss Ada Chubb gave a short sketch of the lives of a few men having

birthdays in the month of February. After the talk on Abraham Lincoln, a shadow picture was seen of him as he stood near a chair and, later, another picture was seen of him with his hand on the head of an old negro. The life of George Washington was read, and we saw him as he was cutting down the cherry tree and again in later life as he crossed the Delaware. The story of St. Valentine was an interesting one and a Valentine was shown. Cupid was in the act of shooting his arrow into a large heart. A short talk on the life of Mendelssohn was given and a few records from his Elijah were given on the Victrola. A piano and mandolin duet was played by Edith Johnson and Eileen Lacey.

The last Assembly was a dramatic class in a small university in the town of Painsville. The professor, a unique old man, called the class to order and the pupils filed in,—a jolly good bunch. They were of very different types of character, from the studious to the flippant. Miss Ima Hog, a plump, self-satisfied teacher of middle age, recites a poem in a sing-song tone. Miss Gwendolyn Prune, a pretty, fluffy young novice, starts to read but breaks down in confusion. John Snider Perkins, a dull-eyed young yoeman, begins to read, stops, begins again, but is not very successful. Miss Olive Wild, a very assertive young feminist; Miss Pertinent, an argumentative female; and Mr. Archibald Lamaduke, a dapper young man with a mustache of much interest to him, all tried their skill at dramatics, but to no avail. Miss Pansy Blush, a shy young girl; Peter Foster, a mischievous boy of about eighteen; Miss Hussy Tate, a typical old maid; Miss Earnest Worker, the studious type; and Mr. Yohan Hauzenback, German thru and thru, all tried to please the professor in his or her own way, but no one seemed to do exactly as he wished except Miss Freda Petit, who was teacher's pet. The class closed with the old professor escorting Miss Petit from the classroom while the other students giggled and nudged each other.

MARGUERITE GRANDON.



Junior Class



President . . . Caroline Mangelsdorf

V.-President . . . Juanita McGruer

Secretary- . . . } Emilie Seery
Treasurer . . . }

Colors Gold and Black

Flower Ward Rose

Motto "Live to learn, and learn to live"



The Song

SING High, Sing Ho, for this Junior class
With its girls so sweet that none can surpass.
With Dorothee and Elsie with their lovers galore,
And Freda who writes stories and songs by the
score.

With its Cook and its Carr and its Baker so fine,
With its Neitz and Mornings so Noble-ly sublime.
Some may be Fickle and we've all had our Falls,
But we'll all be on deck when St. Peter calls.
There are so many wonders in this class of ours
That to tell all the good points would take many hours.
But before this is finished, we really must add
That our Bacon and Rice are the best to be had.
'Tho the war has made things soar to the sky,
You will Savier cash if from Osgood you'll buy.
Though life will change and its stream will Eddy
We'll each raise her Stein and ever be ready
To Sing High, Sing Ho, for this Junior Class
With its girls so sweet that none can surpass.

EMILIE SEERY,
EILEEN SEWELL.

The Junior Class History

IT was the last day of August, 1915, and Miss Baker wearily passed her hand over her eyes, as she surveyed the stack of application blanks.

"Only about two more weeks until the girls will be here. I wonder what the new class will be like," she said.

At the end of those two weeks we began to arrive. The Freshmen were a marvelously enthusiastic bunch; even now, at the end of our second year, not an ounce of "pep" has been taken from us. We were hopelessly green, just normal Freshmen, Dr. Hedger would say. But we got together early in the year and elected our class officers.

Miss Williams was made our class adviser; and ever since has been our ever ready help and cheerful friend, steadying our timid Freshman craft on the rough sea of College life. Juanita McGruer was elected class president, and Helen Fickle secretary and treasurer.

Early in the year we were entertained by the upper classes, and very soon we returned the courtesy. Our dance, given at the Main Dormitory, was our supreme triumph, however.

We passed thru our first lessons in gift and occupation, and enthusiastically declared that we had had a glorious time. Our first class in Mother Play showed us more than any other, how truly wonderful this work is.

Soon Assemblies loomed up and how we dreaded them. We discovered, however, that they could be done and very successful they were too.

There were no happier girls than we when we started morning practice, and how "professional" it sounded to discuss the whys and wherefores of each youngster. June came all too soon, bringing sad good-byes, and bright vacation days.

All things come to an end, however, and September arrived on wings. About this time the "strike" seemed imminent, and we wondered if we would get back at all. We all reached here safe and sound, however, and ready to take up our work as dignified Juniors. How glad we all were to see each other, and how enviously the Freshmen watched us.

College life began in earnest this year. We braved the terrors of Psychology, Architecture, and Sociology, without a murmur, because now we were Juniors. Life itself took on a more serious and important aspect. We felt the responsibility of the entire College, and gave kindly advice to the new girls, and told them of our trials as Freshmen.

We held our election meeting early in the fall, and class officers were chosen. As our class service we took the telling of stories at various settlements and hospitals, and the girls responded nobly.

Our regular course of work was enriched by lectures on Dramatic Art, given by Miss Caroline Crawford. History of Education, Stories, Dante, were anticipated eagerly and enjoyed thoroly.

Once again came Assemblies, and we knew that we must live up to our Freshman reputation. Best of all, we did live up to it, in fact we surpassed it, because we were a year older in experience.

As hostesses we did not fail, because this year it was our pleasure to entertain the Freshmen, and in turn were entertained by them. Then came the dance shortly after Christmas, given at the Dormitory. Downstairs the dancing people gaily tripped the hours away, while upstairs were many fascinating games for those who did not care to dance.

We had an opportunity to show our dramatic ability when Mr. Arnold asked us if we would give a vaudeville performance for the benefit of the Victrola. Of course we said "Yes." We had never yet failed in anything, and we did not fail in that.

All too soon came the end of our cadetting days, and we left kindergarten with aching hearts, because it had been very dear to us.

And then, could it be true, the time for parting came, and we knew that we should be scattered to every corner of the earth. But as we look back upon our two years of work and play at N. K. C., and realize the life-long wealth we have gained, we know that the 1917 class has gone forever, yet in the memory of each one of us it will always live.



Junior Class Prophecy

THE last day of school! It was with mingled feelings of regret and joy that I said, "Good-bye" to each little Mary and Johnnie, and made final preparations for a long-planned western trip. When my family bade me farewell, Mother said, "Perhaps you will meet some N. K. C. girls." "No such luck," I replied. Nevertheless, I determined to watch carefully. It had been five years since the class of 1917 was graduated, and I felt homesick to see the girls. Some had attained prominence I knew, because I had just bought a copy of "Little Stories for Little People," by Ruth Wintersteen, now one of our most prominent story writers and known all over the country. A new kindergarten song book had also come out, called "Simple Songs for the Kindergarten," by Helen Bacon, edited and approved by Mrs. Kohlsaas. I remembered how very good Helen had been in music at College, and when I saw that Mrs. Kohlsaas had approved her book I was sure it must be excellent.

After a few hours of traveling I heard the porter call, "Ottumwa, Ottumwa." Remembering that this was Mignon Baker's home, I looked out of the window, half hoping I might see her. Sure enough, a familiar figure stepped on the train. "Why Mignon!" "Well Bernice!" And for a minute that was all we could say. Finally we each asked the inevitable question, "What are you doing?" "I am teaching," was my reply, "but how about you?" A blush suffused her cheeks—could it be true? Yes, a diamond sparkled on the all-important finger. It seemed that she had met him while teaching the year before and they were to be married the next fall. At present, she was going to Denver to visit relatives. When we went to the dining car we met Genevieve Jones and Helen Sullivan. They, too, were taking a western trip after a strenuous year in a private kindergarten in Chicago. "We have cadets from the College," said Genevieve, "although it seems only yesterday that we were cadetting." "Did you know," asked Helen, "that Margaret Colmey is teaching Occupation at N. K. C.?"

"Yes, I knew she was very good in it when we went to school, but I had no idea that she was teaching. Is any one else there?"

"Oh yes. Phyllis Middleton has the Art class (don't you remember she was on the Art Committee of the Annual in 1917?), and Eloise Boller is teaching Mother Play."

We talked over the many changes that had taken place, until it was time to go to bed.

We all decided to remain over in Denver for a few days, half hoping we should meet some more of our class. These hopes were not in vain, because when we registered at the hotel, we saw the names of Helen Fickle, Vera Brown and Elsie Reihman. We looked them up immediately, and discovered that they were there with a Chautauqua company, telling stories. "You really don't know how interesting it

is," said Elsie. "We enjoy it so much." They had become prominent in their work, and we rejoiced with them in their success. "One of the best theory books I know," said Helen, "is the one by my former roommate, Ethel Mohrstadt, called 'Theory of Story Telling.' It is really excellent." "Did you know," asked Vera, "that Lucille Sullivan is teaching kindergarten in North Dakota?" We talked over school affairs until time to go to the theatre. "Dorothée Ravené has achieved great success on the stage, you know. Her manager says he never knew anyone who comprehended the value of the right use of the hands in acting as she does. She is known as the Bernhardt of the American stage. Genevieve Huston has been made head librarian of the Denver Public Libraries. They said all the training she needed, she got at N. K. C. On Saturdays she has a children's 'Story Hour.' We were glad to hear of the success of so many of our girls, and talked until quite late.

The next day I continued my journey west. When I arrived at Los Angeles Alice Bradway, Belle Bray and Alice Ives met me at the train. We went direct to Alice's home and had a long afternoon in which to talk. They had added a course at the University of California, known as "Current Events, and the Proper Way to Read the Newspapers and Apply it to Everyday Life." Alice Bradway had charge of this course. I was not at all surprised because I remembered how she always read the papers at school. Belle was director of the Los Angeles Public School Kindergartens, and Alice Ives was head of a Children's Hospital. After graduating from N. K. C. she had taken a nurses' course, but she said she would always be glad she had taken kindergarten work first. I asked for news of some of the rest of our girls and discovered that Pauline Maureaux was teaching kindergarten in Honolulu and was very enthusiastic about it; Clare Meservey was head of a Women Students' League in Portland, similar to the one of which we were members in Chicago; and Carolyn Weller was head of a Children's home in Fort Wayne.

The next day we went to San Francisco, where Caroline Mangelsdorf was head of a training school. Hester Osgood was the Art teacher; Mary Corbett, the Primary Supervisor; and Frances Adams, the Music Instructor. We had a very happy reunion and they told me that Marian Gotham and Eleanor Alexander had a teachers' agency in Seattle, Washington. Freda Gardner had returned to her beloved England and established a kindergarten training school. Edith and Ethel Munn were teaching in San Francisco; and Miss Grosch and Lulu Carr had attained wide reputation in their wonderful work in the organization of settlement kindergartens in the larger cities of the United States.

"Did you know that Leta McCormick was here just a few days ago, on her honeymoon?" asked Alice. "Well," I answered, "I am glad, because so far I have met only one girl who was even engaged." "Yes, Leta is married and lives on a farm. Georgia Leedy is married to that man with whom she went in Chicago. They live there, out on Sheridan Road." I was glad to hear that some of our girls at least had seen fit to marry. We hated to separate, but that afternoon left for Riverside to visit Alexandra Dagg and Katherine Lindemann, who were teaching there. Our tongues flew fast as we talked over all the incidents of the last five years. Lillian Borst and Grace Bland joined us because they were living there and teaching in the primary. That night we all attended a vaudeville performance, and what was our joy and surprise to see our old friends, Doris Wainwright, Eileen Sewell and Emilie Seery. We met them later in the evening and had a long talk. They told us that Stella

Cook was married to a lawyer and was living in Kentucky; Jovita Boodel was in charge of a Dennison Art Shop in Chicago; and Betty McLean had a kindergarten in Winnipeg.

The next morning we were reading the papers and discovered that "Maud Reidenbach—Pavlowa the second—the World Famed Toe Dancer," was to perform. We were unable to attend, but we 'phoned her and had a long talk with her. She told us that Barbara Schreier was married and spending her honeymoon with Juanita and her husband, who lived in a lovely home in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. Pauline Senn was teaching in China, and several of our girls had gone there with her. Elizabeth Scouler and Dorothy Whitcombe were teaching in the kindergarten department; and Anna Fuhr and Laura Hooper in the primary.

I left there that night and continued my journey by boat to Seattle. On ship-board I met Alice Richardson, who had just finished a successful year in her work. She had a very exclusive school for girls in Pasadena. We were very glad to see each other, and Alice told me that Estelle Minskey was Director of Public School Kindergartens in Lansing, Michigan, and that Gladys Petit and Emma Heinzelmann had a settlement kindergarten in Boston. In Seattle we discovered quite a colony of N. K. C. girls. Leona Proudft was Director of Public School Kindergartens, Evaline Ray was teaching in one of the public schools and Constance Rice in another; Dorothy Saviers had charge of a Settlement House; Ida Falls and Elizabeth Ferguson had a private kindergarten; and Nina Nichols and Ruth Peterson were teaching in the primary. We had a lovely visit and, though I hated to leave, I felt that I should be homeward bound. "Well," I thought to myself, "will I hear anything about the rest of the girls, I wonder?" At dinner on the train I met Edna Thulin and Marie Tutwiler. They were both preceptresses at the N. K. C. dormitories, and told me that Carine Taylor was teaching Primary Handwork in the College, and everyone thought she was quite wonderful. Evelyn Anderson was Supervisor of Schools in Chicago; Eunice Eddy and Nellie Eichelbarger were teaching in the Chicago Public Schools, and Dora Gorman was in Cleveland, Ohio, teaching. In Lincoln, while stopping over between trains, I was overjoyed to meet Dorothy Herbst. She had charge of the public playgrounds in Lincoln for the summer. I remembered how interested she had always been in that work, so I was not at all surprised to hear that she was now in it. Mildred Morning was teaching in Lincoln and Elizabeth Mart-solf was there, too. Mary Imber was teaching in a little Nebraska town and had started a Parent-Teacher organization. May Neitz had charge of a Children's Page on one of New York's leading newspapers, and was doing much to spread kindergarten principles over the United States. Margaret Shannon was giving lectures to Women's Clubs on "The Better Babies Movement," and Bertha Tenney was editing a magazine for children.

When I arrived home and had told my family of my meeting with so many of the girls, and hearing about the rest, Mother said, "Why don't you write that out and send it in to N. K. C.?"

So—here's good luck to the girls of the class of '17—and if the stars have not told your fortune correctly, let us hope that your future will be bright, happy and successful, even though it is different from what has been prophesied.

BERNICE M. KINSLOE.

The Song of the Waterlily

*An Interpretation of MacDowell's
Waterlily*

AS I float I sing
Sunshine welcoming.
My broad leaves over the water ride,
My cup to the sunshine I open wide,
The sun peeps in
And find within
His image enshrined in my heart.

Dark and dank
Rotten and rank
Was the slimy earth in which I lay
With never a gleam of the light of day.
Around me wormed
Dull things that squirmed
And deeper in darkness depart.

Then in my night
Came a dream of light—
A vision that came from a source unseen,
A glory that flooded my soul with sheen;
It lifted me up
Till I opened my cup
And the sun found the light in my soul.

So I float and sing
Sunshine welcoming.
My broad leaves I spread o'er the waters
wide,
My soul on its bosom afar doth ride;
For deep within
When the sun peeps in
With his light is my vision made whole.

Junior Assemblies

FACULTY, Seniors, Freshmen, lend us your ears,
The time is ripe when *we* would hold your ear and please your eye,
'Tis said in wondrous Shakespeare's noble line,
"The evil that men do lives after them."
Let that not be with us, but rather pardon the faults, mistakes, and errors
you will find
E'en in the best of us, and then forget.
We would our gifts were more, that they might grace our occupation as we hold
the stage.
But judge our effort rather than our act,
And keep in mind our purpose,
Which is just that we may please you.
First, hear strange tales from countries far away,
Next, give yourselves to fun and jollity:
Our third assembly we would take you where the fairy fold will hold their lovely
court,
And lastly, ere we draw the curtain down,
We'd give a glimpse of domes and pointed spires,
And show you wonders from the world of art,
This we would do as it lies in our power.
So bear with us, as we your patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

With this promising beginning, Junior Assemblies were opened, and we, the Juniors, regardless of what others may think, consider them quite a success.

The first hour was occupied with stories that were beautifully told; we felt very grateful to Miss Hemingway for her assistance and most proud of our classmates. Each story was typical of some country and its teller was dressed in the costume of that country. Our classmate from far away China, had borrowed two small Chinese girls for the occasion, and they made a delightfully interesting little group.

In our second assembly, a number of our class members gave talks on different phases of education,—rural schools, vocational education, the Parent-Teachers' Association, Playgrounds, the first kindergartens, and the program was closed by Mrs. Jarvie, who read us some extracts from the earliest literature for children.

By request, we gave as our third program a series of story dramatizations which had been given previously in the Junior Story Class. They afforded a good deal of fun for everybody.

Our last assembly, which came after the Freshmen assemblies were over, consisted of a stereopticon lecture, relay race style, on the subject of Architecture. Each period of architectural development was propounded by one of our class number, and illustrated with stereopticon views. We felt it a fitting finale for our series of programs, and we render unto Miss Woodson the thanks due her for her untiring labor with those who gave it.



Officers

President . . . Elizabeth Crebs

V.-President . Dorothy Weller

Secretary . . . Myra Moran

Treasurer . . Ruth Kearns

Colors Lavender and white

Flower Lavender and white sweet peas

Motto "Deeds, not words"



Freshman Class History

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY:

Sept. 13. This has been a funny mixture of weeps and thrills—this first day. There are heaps of girls and everybody seems to know everybody else but a few of us who are insignificant “Freshies.” I’m the greenest thing anywhere and that woman in the office scares me to death. I’m not so sure I want to take kindergarten at all. If it wasn’t that there were 70 others in the same unsteady state and that an awfully nice “old girl” patted me on the back and invited me up to see her room I’d go home.

Sept. 26. Things are going better now. These are just the dearest girls here and classes are beginning to come out of the void and taking form. I don’t dare tell anybody but honestly I’m afraid I’m below the average in intelligence. I just can’t follow Miss Davis when she talks about the ego and tells us to take out ours and look at it. I guess I haven’t any.

Sept. 28. Hurrah! We’re really a class. One of the teachers got us together and we elected Betty Crebs (a nice girl with lots of poise and style) for our temporary chairman.

Oct. 24. Another meeting today to elect our officers. Betty is to continue to wield the gavel and our class sponsor is to be Miss McElroy. She is an old peach, everybody is crazy about her and really she hardly seems much older than we, except of course she knows a lot more. Speaking of knowing a lot, we are having classes with the Seniors and they are the most brilliant girls!

Nov. 21. Here it is almost Thanksgiving time. We had a program at the College today. It was a “Harvest Festival” and so impressive. All the classes marched in a procession, each girl bringing some offering of the Harvest. Miss Harrison told a beautiful Thanksgiving story. We’ve begun to cadet. It’s more fun, but my hands and feet are so much in the way and I nearly died when I had to skip around the circle alone. The children are *so* sweet and I know I’m going to love it.

Dec. 21. Everybody is so excited about going home. Miss Dean gave us a baby party. Skin Colmey was a boy and she is so fat that she was just a scream. Old Santa Claus brought everybody a present.

There was a beautiful Christmas program at the College too. The Student Council had charge of it. It was so lovely to see the girls marching with the lighted candles and to hear those Christmas carols.

Jan. 17. Our turn has come to have a party. We decided on a Valentine dance. I am so excited because it seems ages since I have even spoken

to any men but the conductor and postman. I think we made a nice choice in having lavender and white for our class colors and sweet peas for our flower.

Jan. 20. We have a new Freshman slogan, "Ouch! Look out for my sore arm." Everybody who would submit was gagged and bound while Dr. Hedger (who is a woman) vaccinated us. We might catch things in our kindergarten, so it really is better, but mine feels worse than anything I'd ever catch.

Feb. 25. Our class has a nice way of helping somebody else. If you please, we are "Red Crossers." On Saturday mornings we go down and learn to roll bandages and make sponges at the Red Cross Society. It gives me a thrill to think that one of those I made may be used on a wounded soldier.

April 15. Dear me, I'm so busy I hardly have time to keep this Diary. The Juniors are home in the mornings now and we do all the work. We were initiated into assemblies and they are really not so bad, although the Juniors and Seniors had such good ones we began to wonder if we dare attempt them.



Class Poem—to '18

MY class must have a poem and that poem must have class,
To prove that though we're Freshmen, we are not as green as grass.
So brain of mine and heart of mine, I pray you work en masse,
That it may satisfy the wants of every Freshman lass.

At first the Juniors were inclined to think we had no pep,
Because we meekly made the beds in which the Juniors slept,
And though as modest as can be, we rankled at this "rep,"
And vowed to show some other things at which we were adept.

By chance a sign a-reading, "Freshmen, stop and glean,
To-night's initiation night, your presence is foreseen."
The Freshmen read, the Freshmen winked, with mystery in mien
And when the Juniors sought that night, the "Frosh" could not be seen.

Our president, Miss Crebs, has been a versed executor,
Not once has she forgotten what she called a meeting for.
Miss Kearns has been a "treasure," with motto "Dues or War."
And every day our secretary suits us "Moran" more.

Although the "Measles" for a while did seem to swing our fate,
Our party was a fine success, the brick ice-cream was great.
They made the dances nice and long, and short the "hesitate."
And 'twas a crowd well satisfied that passed the iron gate.

In pledging funds to "causes just" we are not ill-inclined,
A-peddling at the door each day, our suave Miss Townes you'll find,
With cookies at a cent apiece, and apples nicely shined,
Inviting all to eat at will, for hunger is not kind.

Thus have I lingered on the past, the future is to be,
And what you have not seen before, there yet is time to see.
So hoist your red carnations all, and cry aloud with me
Hoorah! for the happiest, heartiest, Frosh of our dear old N. K. C.

ELIZABETH G. DURBOROW.



Freshman Charity

On account of the interest taken by the Freshmen in their Class Charity (making bandages, etc., at the Red Cross Headquarters), the head of the Red Cross here, although deluged with offers of help for Saturday, has reserved that day for the members of the Freshman Class and they have responded so well that the day is no longer Saturday to the Red Cross workers, but "N. K. C." Day. Commendable patriotic spirit.

Aspirations of the Class of '18

PERCHANCE 'tis by some fairy influence or by some weird token of witchery, but my eyes cannot deceive me and it is true that right down there in the midst of busy Chicago is an Alumnæ meeting of N. K. C. Why, it is quite like old times! There is Betty Crebs, our class president of '18, being introduced to the Freshman president of the class of '25. And right beside her stands Bob Patrick,—they always were inseparable.

I am so far away I can hardly make out. Oh, that is better! How very nice of the kind fairy to let me get closer to my Alma Mater. Now I can see that it is Virginia Rollwage and Gertrude Reid talking to Miss Davis. I never thought they would return as members of the faculty, but, of course, there must be teachers for Occupation.

Miss McElroy seems quite busy; but then, being Class Member for two different years, I do not wonder. It is difficult to distinguish faces after so many years but, after all, I do recognize Margaret Mayer and Madeline Foreman, and of all things, they are relating the trials and tribulations of a private kindergarten.

I will have to get still closer to hear those telegrams they are reading now.

Honolulu, Hawaii,
March 20, 1924.

Regret that I cannot be there, love to all.

HELEN RINDERER.

And then, there is one from "somewhere in France," from Mildred McCullough, stating how sorry she is to be absent, but the invalids need the help of Red Cross nurses. As a result, she and Willmina Townes and Frances Saxe are going to remain in the war country indefinitely. There is another from Porto Rico, from Miss Eastman. I suppose she is in love with the old Spanish castles by this time.

I am so glad I came and can see all the old girls. There are Cora Ritchie, and Helen Parsons, and Betty Schneider, and—and, why, almost the whole class has come back. It's a wonder Phyllis could leave her household duties, but here she is. And, there is Helen Schlake, a dignified public school director. I am glad she is, though, as she dreaded those exams so much.

Esther Holmes never seemed interested in Settlement Work, but here she is relating the antics of her "Dominics" and "Jennies" out at the Italian Community Center where she teaches.

I suppose I should have sent my regrets, but I am here even if they can not see me. I am sorry I could not bring Dorothy with me when I left Omaha. I think our ex-vice-president should be there, too. "What is that? Where am I? Why, of course you can have your chain, Jimmie, I am sorry you forgot it and had to come clear back after it."

And thus my dreaming came to an end. Dreams,—just dreams, but who sees the future, and who can tell?

MILDRED McCULLOUGH.

Freshmen Assemblies

SOMETIME after the Christmas holidays we freshmen were informed of the precedent of the College concerning the assemblies, and that we were to have the month of April. Of course we trembled at the thought of entertaining our Faculty and upper classmen, but after listening and enjoying the splendid assemblies given by the Juniors and Seniors, and with the efficient help of our Faculty member, Miss McElroy, we dare to hope you have enjoyed our assemblies.

On March the twenty-sixth we had the pleasure of having Miss Pearson with us to tell us of the coming mass meeting of the Student Women's Christian Fellowship, after which our program followed, of both vocal and instrumental music and two readings. The program closed with the singing of the school song.

Wednesday, April the fourth, we visited Mother Goose in her kindergarten. The girls were dressed to represent the different characters in Mother Goose and sat in a circle. Each one sang or recited the song or rhyme they represented. After the Mother Goose program one of the girls played a selection of Skyte for us, after which she played for the student body to sing a number of patriotic songs. Miss Harrison gave a splendid talk on the seriousness of the present war; she spoke of our country's need of every patriotic citizen in the field of battle and at home. The Program closed with "America," which was sung with a great deal of feeling aroused by Miss Harrison's inspiring words.

On Wednesday, April the eighteenth, Miss Baker came to us with a serious message concerning the present day crises. She spoke of the fact that it had taken our country two years to decide to take a part in this great war, and that our share now, is to help the country carry out the plans it has made. She read for us two very inspiring poems, one entitled, "Your Flag and My Flag," by Nesbit, after which everyone sang "Star Spangled Banner." She then read the other poem, "The Great Blue Tent," by Mrs. Wharton, about our flag, which was followed by the singing of "America." Our part of the program was a few sketches from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," two vocal solos and a reading, "Finding Honey." The program was very cleverly given and provoked much laughter.

Wednesday, April the twenty-fifth, we gave our last assembly, which was the presentation of one of Arnold Bennet's, "Polite Farces." This little one-act play contains several very exciting moments when everyone holds his breath waiting for what is to happen next. The girls showed the result of a great deal of hard work and splendid coaching, for which we all are indeed grateful to Miss Farrar and Miss Moody.

MILDRED MCCULLOUGH.

Our N. K. C.

MUSIC BY
RUTH WINTERSTEEN

WORDS BY
MARY COLLINS

1. O, come all ye daughters of N. K. C. Join in her praises right joyfully. Give
2. For these blessings of friendship staunch and true, for visions and insight we've come to you. Thy
3. When these happy college days are o'er, Thy name and thy fame we will yet adore. Tho'

1st and 2nd Verses. 3rd Verse

ear to her voice in her mes sage re joice, our fate N. K. C. guide us, our Alma Ma ter.
em - ble - m re - calls thy wide por tals and halls, our dear N. K. C.
scat - ter ed a far, thy fair light like a star, our dear N. K. C.

O, come all ye daughters of N. K. C.
Join in her praises right joyfully.
Give ear to her voice in her message rejoice,
Our fair N. K. C.

For blessings of friendship, staunch and true,
For visions and insight, we've come to you.
Thy emblem recalls thy wide portals and halls,
Our dear N. K. C.

When these happy college days are o'er,
Thy name and thy fame we will yet adore.
Tho' scattered afar, thy fair light like a star
Will still guide us, our Alma Mater.



College Notes



STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, consisting of one Faculty member, Miss Baker, and the officers of the Senior, Junior and Freshman classes, has in its frequent meetings successfully settled many questions which have arisen, and it has helped toward promoting better school spirit, for which purpose it was founded.

The Student Council symbolizes united effort on the part of all and this was surely expressed in the unique fair given for the benefit of the Annual. Strange and interesting booths drew crowds while the German band, directed by their agile leader, furnished the music. The large sum of one penny was charged for most of the amusements.

At another time the Council entertained the College before an interesting lecture by Dr. Gunsaulus. Dinner was served in the two large upstairs classrooms. During the dinner amusing stories were told by members of the Faculty and a representative from each class.

Early in the Fall the Council set apart a day for a Bulb Planting Festival, at which the Seniors and a representative from each class took part. Most of the girls were in Greek costume, which added much to the beauty of the scene as they went through the ceremony of planting the bulbs.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas time festivals were also given and were sources of great inspiration and enjoyment, through the efforts of the Student Council.

THE STUDENT WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

During the last two years there has been a wide movement to organize all of the girls' schools of the city into one big body of Christian Student Women. We are proud to say that we are a part of this movement.

There are about thirty-eight schools in the Association, including Colleges of Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Physical Expression, Art, Music, Nursing and Kindergarten. Most of these have been well represented at the two meetings which were held at Fullerton Hall in the Art Institute this year.

As an example of the wide sweep and co-operative spirit of the Fellowship, the last "Community Circle" held at Northwestern Dental Institute stands as notable. Three hundred and twenty-five students were present, representing thirty-four schools. After a short devotional meeting at which the guest of honor, Madam Louise Homer, sang for us, a social time was observed in the reception halls of the building. Every one was made to feel at home and a real Fellowship program was given. Three Hawaiians from Northwestern Dental played their native music; "Billy Brad" was charmingly given by a Columbia College of Expression student; one of our Seniors,

Mary Collins, told a story which was illustrated in chalk by an Art Institute girl; and some enjoyable music was contributed by a Bush Conservatory and an American Conservatory student.

We especially feel a distinct part of the Association, because not long ago our College voted to have a Fellowship Circle of its own, to meet once a month on Sunday afternoon. At these meetings several girls from other schools are entertained at dinner, and some interesting friendships have sprung up between our students and those of other professions. So the Fellowship has proven to be not only a means of inspiration but also one of awakening interest in other professions outside our own.



Dormitory News

THE charm, the simplicity and the homelike atmosphere for which the dormitory life of N. K. C. stands, has been exceptional this year.

There have been beach parties, teas, dinners, dances, receptions and other social events which have helped us to enter into the world's work with greater enthusiasm and lighter hearts. We have had the honor of entertaining several distinguished guests, but not one of these has afforded us more pleasure than the frequent visits of our own Faculty members.

The house mothers have been most valuable assets, for have they not been ready to share our joys, sympathize with our sorrows, and do everything in their power to make the life of our big family a happy one.

Yet, we have done more serious things than reveling in "pink teas." Many of the girls have a little pet service of their own, and do much to brighten the lives of needy families with whom they have come in contact while cadeting in the slum districts.

Perhaps nothing has brought us closer together than Sunday morning chapel, for which Miss MacRoy has worked so earnestly. It is the one supremely beautiful half-hour in the week which draws us together for the inspiration, and the spiritual uplift afforded by prayer, readings and music.

Student Government has been another interesting feature. At the beginning of the Fall term Miss Harrison gave a most enlightening talk on Student Government, which helped us all to feel our personal responsibility in making this system a success. As in all serious undertakings, we have met an endless series of problems; but our Student Board has been invaluable in helping solve them. Perhaps no one fully appreciates the untiring efforts and patience of these girls, or realize what they have done for each student individually. None the less, Student Government argues well for the College and is without doubt a fixture, for we all recognize it as a priceless means of training for the responsibilities of true American citizenship.

LEAH TIPTON.



FIELD SERVICE CLASS

No more over books we pour,
Off to learn of woodland lore
We tramp away,
To spend the day
In dune and wood, like maids of yore.



BABY PARTY

"Back to our carefree childhood."



MISSION KINDERGARTEN

Some typical mission "kiddies"



HELEN JEFFERIES

"A bold Scottish Lassie."



A Faculty Dinner

Given in One Scene—One Act

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Faculty President: MISS DIGNIFIED PERSONNE.

Ass't to the Pres.: MISS PATIENCE TACT.

Other Faculty Members:

MISS ETHY CALWILL,
MISS GRACE C. US,
MISS DRAMY T. ZATION,
MISS FLUTTER WELL,
MISS POSY TIEVE,
MISS V. VASITY,
MR. WHIT T. PUNN,
MISS PLEASANT PRECISE,
MISS DECORAH SHONE,
MISS LOVINGSER VIS,
MISS HUMORE ESK,
MISS GOOD FELLOW,
MISS ENTHUSY ASUM.

Time: About 6:30 P. M., following a Faculty Conference.

Scene: College Hall.



(Curtain rises, disclosing Faculty members seated about a long dinner table which fairly groans with delicacies furnished by Dormitory Cuisine. Much laughter and talking.)

PRESIDENT (tall, stately imposing figure in plum colored gown) Now, Miss Flutter Well, since you did not *quite* finish your most inspiring talk on "Nature Study in the Kindergarten" in our conference, we might put aside our usual rule of "no shop talk during dinner" and allow you a few more minutes in which to enlighten us further upon that very interesting subject.

MISS GRACE C. US (effusively): O, yes, Miss Flutter Well, that would be just *too* lovely!

MISS FLUTTER WELL (a small, spectacled person dressed in dark brown and wearing a huge brown pocket hung from her belt. She rises eagerly to her feet and all turn toward her with interest): Now look here! As I was saying (impressively) I've found from experience that it is much better to have animals in the kindergarten as visitors only—

MISS PATIENCE TACT (who speaks very slowly and distinctly) interrupts: Ahem! Well, Miss Flutter Well, I'd like to ask—

MISS FLUTTER WELL (continuing and not noticing the interruption): You see, they're out of their natural environment and—

MISS LOVINGSER VIS (interestedly, as she pours another cup of coffee without cream for Miss Flutter Well): That's so! We've found that our little tads enjoy the pets—

MISS FLUTTER WELL (excitedly): O, yes! They do enjoy them as visitors once in a while! But now let me tell you something (shaking finger at company in general), there are four things you must have ready for these animal visitors: the first is a place to keep them and *I* like to call it a *spare bedroom*. Now—

MISS GRACE C. US: How wonderful! I don't see how you ever thought of that!

MISS PATIENCE TACT: Well, I'd like to ask—

MISS FLUTTER WELL (unheeding and continuing with absorption): Now let me tell you! the very best kind of spare bedroom you can have, I've found is—a—is—a—to take a cracker box—

MR. WHIT T. PUNN: Great Governor! Spare me from that bedroom! (All laugh appreciatively.)

MISS FLUTTER WELL (scarcely noticing the interruption): And in the bottom be sure to have a zinc pan, and, above all things, have an opening—

MISS DECORAH SHONE (decisively interposing): I would suggest, Miss Flutter Well, in order to present this in a truly artistic manner to the children, that they cover the cracker box with an all-over decorative design.

MISS FLUTTER WELL: Now, that is a good suggestion. Another kind of spare bedroom you'll need, too (warming to her subject even more, if possible) and that's an herbarium for grasshoppers, bees, worms— O, listen here! I have a worm story I'll have to tell you. One time (snickering behind her hand) a mistress asked her maid, Bridget, how she baited the line when she went fishing. "Why, Oi killed the worm first," said Bridget. "How did you do that, Bridget?" "Oi cut off his head, Mum," Bridget continued. "How did you know

where the head was?" "Oi just cut off both inds, Mum, to be shure!" (Much laughter and applause, Miss Humore Esk especially appreciative.)

MISS POSY TIEVE (who has been listening critically throughout this entire story, now seizes the opportunity to correct Miss Flutter Well in an authoritative way): But, Miss Flutter Well, Webster's International Dictionary says that an herbarium is a collection of dried and pressed specimens of plants, usually mounted or otherwise prepared for permanent preservation and systematically arranged in paper covers, placed in boxes or cases.

MISS FLUTTER WELL (looking about helplessly): Well—a——

MISS ETHY CALWILL (coming to the rescue): Tell your story, Miss Dignified Personne, about the caterpillar.

MISS FLUTTER WELL (suddenly recovering assurance): Well, you see, it's just like this, Miss Posy Tieve——

MISS DIGNIFIED PERSONNE: The audience is calling for my story, Miss Flutter Well.

MISS GRACE C. US: O, yes, *do* tell us, Miss Dignified Personne. We would just *love* it.

MISS DIGNIFIED PERSONNE (rises to her feet and with much dramatic effect proceeds to tell her story): When I was a young kindergartner I was also a very ardent nature student; in fact, all my spare moments were spent in hunting specimens. One day as I was waiting for a train in the station, I saw coming toward me a man burdened with much *avoirduois* and excessive dignity. (In the enthusiasm of her story, Miss Dignified Personne illustrates the approach of said man.) Suddenly I descried, strolling up his left leg, a beautiful specimen of caterpillar—one for which I had sought everywhere in vain. In my excitement I forgot everything but the caterpillar, and crouching with eagerness, I made a sudden dive after the precious specimen (she suits action to the word) and came up triumphantly with it. The man simply vanished—— (All laugh boisterously and applaud.)

MR. WHIT T. PUNN (aside): Miss Humore Esk is certainly enjoying herself.

MISS ENTHUSY ASUM (showing intense interest): Well, now, Miss Dignified Personne, I wonder—was it *that* caterpillar that inspired your beautiful story of the "Caterpillar and the Butterfly?"

MISS FLUTTER WELL (oblivious to the fact that a question has been asked, jumps to her feet): Oh! yes, there is another reason why it is not best to keep animals in kindergarten. I had a cat one time in kindergarten, Mr. Thomas Gray, who contracted scurvy and lost all his hair. I had some mice, too. Oh! (interrupting herself) bah! bah! such mice (violently wrinkling up her nose and gesticulating with hands, at which all noses go up in sympathy).

MISS DRAMY T. ZATION (emphatically opposing this): Why, Miss Flutter Well, my experience at La Grange has been very different. Our pets are given the best of care.

MISS PATIENCE TACT: Well, I have tried three times to ask my question. Did I understand you to say, Miss Flutter Well, that children become more unkind and

cruel to animals the longer you keep them? In my experience in Evanston, even way in which to cultivate in them thoughtfulness and sympathy for others. (Miss Pleasant Precise compresses lips and nods approvingly.)

MISS FLUTTER WELL (decidedly nettled at being misunderstood): Indeed, no! I did say that we should always show a sympathetic attitude toward these animal visitors and teach the children to handle them with care. (With this, Miss Flutter Well subsides to coffee, without cream, and lettuce salad. Miss Lovinger Vis again fills Miss Flutter Well's cup with coffee, without cream.)

MISS GOOD FELLOW: Yes, Miss Flutter Well, that is why we have a cat visit us once in a while, to show my children how to be kind to the cats in our neighborhood. Dr. Waters thoroughly approves of this move I have taken.

MISS ETHY CALWILL: Tell your story of your experiment with the beetle, Miss Dignified Personne.

MISS DIGNIFIED PERSONNE: Your talk upon Nature Study reminds me of an experiment I tried with a beetle. I took a leaf, placed it so as to throw a shadow across his path, and he went around, plainly evincing a sense of sight; I tapped a pencil on the sidewalk and the beetle turned, showing a well developed sense of hearing; I tapped his back and he wiggled, showing a sense of feeling; I took a flower and held it a few inches away from him and he came directly toward it, evincing a definite sense of smell; I gave him a drop of honey and he swallowed it with the greatest enjoyment, exhibiting a remarkable sense of taste!

"A most wonderful phenomenon!" (gasps everyone but Miss Flutter Well, with astonishment.) (The last course is just being served.)

MISS V. VASITY (springing to her feet and bursting out with an inspiration): I have a new nature game! I saw it played in Germany. It is to shoot the head or wings off of birds and——

MR. WHIT T. PUNN: Why, Miss V. Vacity! After all this humane discourse?

MISS PATIENCE TACT: Is this the way I have trained you?

MISS FLUTTER WELL: *That* is worse than my angleworm story!

MISS V. VASITY: Why! I don't mean a live bird (laughing hysterically), it is wooden!!! (Sits down in confusion.)

(Amid gales of laughter the dinner party ends.)

CURTAIN.



Literary

THE SUPREME TEST OF A GOOD KINDERGARTEN

THE kindergarten has grown, and in consequence has added new materials and changed its method of work in many respects. Change does not necessarily indicate growth, but growth necessarily implies change. Many of the details of the kindergarten of the past have been dropped; much of the minute and intricate work known as "schools of occupation" as well as long series of forms made with the blocks have proved unfitted for the expression of little children's experiences, and unnecessary for the organization of their somewhat chaotic and disconnected impressions and mental images. Research has also shown that most of these elaborately carried out schools of work were not part of the original idea of Friedrich Froebel. They are the accumulations of enthusiastic and not always intelligent disciples of that master, and like the traditions which cling to every great idea, have been accepted as an essential part of that idea.

For example, Froebel gave but one illustration of interlacing of slats in order that the children might see the flexibility and consequently the possibility of thin slats of wood when combined in interlacing. Out of this has grown the difficult and altogether unchildlike "school of slat interlacing." In Froebel's own classes there were but three designs of mat weaving suggested—over one and under one, what is now known as steps to the right or left, and some way of combining these so as to form a center in weaving. The students were then left to devise such additional weaving patterns as these formulæ might suggest, merely that they might realize how design in weaving arose. We have all seen the "schools of weaving" which contain from fifty to one hundred patterns. From my study in Germany, and from close questioning of one or two of the very early disciples of Froebel, I long since came to the conclusion that he had no intention or thought of setting a pattern in handiwork before a child to copy.

Entirely aside from this, however, as no really great conception is dependent upon the authority of any one individual, the central and all important idea of the kindergarten is so vital that it seemingly can withstand any amount of abuse or any degree of repudiation of detail. It is the great central thought that I wish to emphasize.

First, it contains the realization of the tremendous importance of the "mothering" element in education. I mean by this both the importance of the work which lies in the hands of the women who give birth to children (that importance cannot be overestimated), and also the privilege and opportunity given to the teacher of that great heart-training known as "mothering" little children by (to use Froebel's own terms) "fostering and nurturing" their higher instincts and guiding them toward the kind of activities which will develop aright these instincts.

Second, the understanding of the value of letting the child find out things for himself without undue waste of time and thus make use of his own powers of execution and judgment in so far as this is possible in harmony with the guiding of his activities in the right direction, and this is possible in nine cases out of ten. Froebel called this "self-activity"; Dr. Montessori has called it "auto-education"; to other leaders it is "the initiative." Perhaps the best term for it would be "freedom under the law," as this includes both the extension of the child's free activity and the acknowledgment of the adult's intelligent guidance and *authority when necessary*. This second factor of the kindergarten has had much more recognition in modern school life than the first.

The third and equally important element in the general comprehension of the real significance of the kindergarten is the right understanding of environment and its influence upon the immature mind of childhood. Environment means in part clean, sunshiny rooms with plants and pets to be cared for, with tables that can easily be moved about, chairs of the right height, small portable rugs on which a little body may rest, lounge or settee for the child whose brain demands sleep or quiet rest, well tuned piano, quiet toned and harmoniously tinted walls, a few pictures that will appeal to childish affection and imagination, and, when possible, an out-of-door garden. All these things are good and make for the better physical and æsthetic development of the children who are so fortunate as to be amidst such surroundings, and all children ought to have such surroundings if they are to grow naturally and normally, with well, strong bodies, and the right appreciation of beauty. Some such conditions will be provided when we fully realize that dirt and disease go hand in hand and discordant surroundings awaken discordant emotions.

There is, however, a deeper significance, from the kindergarten standpoint, of the meaning of the word "environment." All this material equipment may be furnished by a wise school board or by the generosity of some wealthy patron, and I have known it to be supplied through the untiring enthusiasm and energy of the kindergartner herself, even in a neighborhood where financial resources were much restricted—all these things may be present, and yet the chief environing influence for which Froebel pleaded may be lacking. That is, the right inner attitude of the teacher toward her work,—the realization that she is there as a spiritual guide to young lives that are groping toward dim ideals, all unconscious of these facts. The right kind of a teacher has but to appeal to her group of children to see how readily they respond to an ideal which is a little beyond their present attainment. In other words, more depends upon the *personality* of the teacher, upon her intelligent attitude toward life in general, upon her inner convictions as to what is worth while in life and what is supreme, than upon all the rest that can be supplied in the education of young children.

In a thousand and one ways this unconscious influence of hers surrounds and affects her children, awakening their better instincts and developing in them tendencies that are wise and wholesome. I do not mean, by this, through their personal affection for the teacher called forth by the "mother element" in her, but through that unconscious recognition which we all pay to justice, truthfulness, sympathetic appreciation and quick comprehension of our needs which are involved in this somewhat undefinable word, *personality*.

It is because these great central ideals have been lost sight of that the kindergarten has in some cases degenerated into mere routine performances of dull, dry, unchildlike exercises, or has evaporated into foolish, useless, trifling forms under the name of experimentation. The encouraging thing at the present time is that kindergartners are waking out of their self-satisfied condition, realizing that no personal achievement is ever sufficient, and that all satisfactory attainment calls imperatively for higher endeavor. With this conviction let us listen willingly and intelligently to the suggestions and criticisms that are being made upon our work. We shall not be swept off our feet by them if we hold fast to that great and beautiful central thought of the kindergarten which has given to it such vitality that it has produced a group of consecrated, untiring teachers whose creative resources and joyful enthusiasms have had marked influence upon the educational world.

ELIZABETH HARRISON.





The Pigeon House

A COLORED WEDDING

NEVER shall I forget my first "colored wedding." Seated among a few white folks in a big church, otherwise filled with beaming, hilarious, colored people, I enjoyed to the fullest the innocent, in fact, unconscious fun of the situation. There were sixteen buxom maidens who filed out across the platform, each in a different colored boudoir cap, and sixteen black-suited, white-gloved groomsmen. After the various love songs they sang, the bridesmaids marched down, took them each a groomsmen, and the procession began.

The splendor of the whole setting was as great as the bride's family and friends could afford. Large paper chrysanthemums and twined greens decorated the church. All details were correct. There was the white kid Bible on which the two black hands pledged their love. High above the pair as they stood at the altar were swung two names on cards, "Fulton," the groom, and "Brown," the bride. When the minister raised his hands and blessed them, there was a hush, and as the pair arose and the first chords of the recessional sounded, "Fulton" remained swinging proud and high, and "Brown" fell down.

M. H. C.



A NIGHT BY YELLOWSTONE LAKE

WATCHING the moon rise over some lake or ocean is an experience, no doubt, common to all. I shall never forget a night spent at Yellowstone Lake.

It was late in the afternoon when our party arrived. The spot chosen for camp was a picturesque one. On one side were tall trees; on the other side lay the beautiful Yellowstone Lake with mountain peaks rising in the background.



During the day everyone had received an invitation to a party to be given that night wherever we chanced to camp, by two members of the party. So after supper a large fire was built on the beach close to the water's edge. Around this we gathered for a jolly time.

While we were watching our fire slowly die down, across the lake the moon was just appearing above the mountain tops. Higher and higher it rose, casting a shining path across the still dark waters.

We watched the moon for some time as it continued its stately journey across the sky, then returned to our tents for the night, leaving a few low embers of our fire burning on the shore.



A VISIT IN ALASKA

WILHELMINA LANGWORTHY had done nothing but teach school for twenty long years. One day in her geography class she heard this remark: "Oh, Miss Langworthy has been here since the flood. She'll never go anywhere." Deep in her heart Wilhelmina had really longed to travel and this remark stirred her to take a year's vacation. Surely she could afford a year—*where* should she go? This question was decided a few days later, when a letter came, inviting her to come to Nome, Alaska, for a visit. This was just what she wanted. She would be patriotic and go to Alaska.

On looking up routes, she found that the quickest way to get to Nome would be to take the "outside" passage, which is an ocean voyage with no "stopovers" from Seattle to Nome. It was the tenth of July when she left Seattle and ten days later the boat came within sight of Nome.

The landing of passengers always causes considerable excitement. Bering Sea is too shallow for boats to come more than two miles from Nome, so launches and barges are sent out to the boats to bring in the passengers and the freight. This time it was half past ten o'clock at night when the launch, bringing the passengers, drew up at the dock at Nome. Nevertheless it was not dark because the sun had not been down long. Wilhelmina was quick to discover her friend amid the large gathering of people who are always on hand to observe new arrivals. Her friend's house was at the end of a long, narrow street lined with rather forsaken looking buildings and having plank walks that Wilhelmina, who wasn't used to "picking up her feet," kept stubbing her toes against, every third or fourth step she took.

Morning came in what seemed an incredibly short space of time and when Wilhelmina looked out of the sitting-room window almost the first person she saw was an Eskimo. He was wearing a gingham jumper over his fur one and had on high sealskin boots. Eskimos were a great curiosity to Wilhelmina so she and her friend went for a walk to the sandpit at the north edge of town, to see the Eskimos in their own houses. Here there were Eskimo children of all ages, running and chasing each other, like wild deer. Some of them had on a fur jumper or "parka" with a gingham one over it, while some of the others wore only several layers of gingham parkas. Pink and red were the predominant colors.

A few of the Eskimos were living in tents, but most of them had houses made of old tin cans and boxes, the corners being stuffed with dirt. Nearly all of these houses had but one room in which the entire family slept and ate. The door was so small that only the very little children could get through without stooping. Near the houses were several posts of drift wood, with skins laid across them, placed upright in the ground, and on these were strings of dried fish and the skin boat that the natives use. In front of the door of each house was a stake to which a number of dogs were tied. Wilhelmina stooped to look into one of the houses, but she did not care to pause long, because of the strong odor of rancid seal oil in which the natives fry all their food. This penetrates their very clothing so that a person doesn't need his eyes to tell him that he is near an Eskimo.

Wilhelmina found the Eskimos to be a lazy, contented lot of people. Some of the men were carving from ivory and the women were making fur jumpers or chewing hide for their boots, but most of them were sitting around doing nothing.

In the month that followed, Wilhelmina had many pleasant experiences. The sun shone nearly every day and the thermometer never registered more than seventy-five degrees, so that it was ideal weather to go to the hills to pick berries or to gather wild flowers. The most thrilling means of travel was the "dog-mobile," which was a handcar drawn by six or seven dogs. Going down hill the dogs would jump on the car and then get off as soon as the car started up the next hill.

Though the summer was very beautiful, Wilhelmina was glad when the first snowfall came. This was in the middle of September and two weeks later there was skating on the river at the north end of town. It is at this time of the year that the people begin to talk about the ice "coming in" and the departure of the last boat of the season. This year the boat did not leave until the fifth of November. Two days later the ice was swept in and there was no more water to be seen in Bering Sea.

After the departure of the last boat of the season the people of Nome feel that they are cut off from the outside world, so they come together to create their own amusements. They plan dog team races, skiing matches, ball games, and many parties and entertainments. The dog races are the most interesting to everyone, and the principal subject of conversation all winter, is "dogs,"—who has the best ones and what time they can make.

Wilhelmina had never seen anything quite so exciting as a dog race. There would be from seven to twenty dogs in a dog team and they would dash out of town so quickly that you hardly saw them before they were out of sight. The driver who rides on the runners at the back of the sled has no reins, but he keeps a sharp lookout that the sled does not turn over and that the dogs stay in the trail. He frequently calls out something to the dog that he has trained to be the leader of the team. The dogs know their master and when anyone else is driving them they set their own pace and do just as they happen to feel like doing. Wilhelmina discovered this, when she tried to drive a dog team, and, when despite her protests, the dogs turned around towards home after going only a mile from town.

The cold did not bother Wilhelmina because she had a fur parka, rabbit skin moccasins, fur boots or "mukluks," and fur-lined gloves to put on when she was

going to be outside for any length of time. She did not mind the short days and, in fact, they were not so short as she had thought they would be. The only person to whom the short days seemed to make much difference was the teacher in the government school for the natives. The Eskimos are late sleepers and the children keep straggling in to school all hours of the morning.

About the middle of May, people began to talk of the expected arrival of the mail boat and to wonder if there would be a break in the ice so that the boat could get in by the last of the month. Very slowly the one-story houses that had been buried up to their smoke stacks in the snow were uncovered and it seemed as though the snow that had drifted up to the second story windows of a building across the street, never would melt.

The day before the mail boat was due to arrive, a "lead," or opening, appeared in the ice, about two miles from shore. The boat came at the expected time and the mail was brought in by dog teams. At this time there was an unusual atmosphere of hurry and bustle, for everyone was rushing to the post office. Now they would get mail that was only two weeks instead of two months old as it was all winter when brought in overland by dogs.

Soon the time came for Wilhelmina to go back to her school but she wished she were remaining in Nome for another year. It was not alone the people that had made an appeal to her but the country itself, with its vast expanse of snow, in winter, and its flower-covered hills, in summer. This feeling, Wilhelmina told herself, must be what is meant by the well-known "call of the wild."

EMMA McCONAUGHY.



A STORM IN THE BLACK HILLS

A FEW summers ago six friends and I took a trip through the Black Hills in South Dakota. Automobiles were not as plentiful then as they are now, so we made the trip in a covered wagon. It took us about a week to get our necessary luggage ready, such as bedding, dishes, a light stove and food.

Leaving Rapid City one hot Thursday morning we drove first up Little Rapid Road, and then up Big Rapid Road. We were in the heart of the Hills, on the old Custer Trail, near the battleground where Custer fought his hardest battle with the Indians.

One afternoon about four o'clock it grew very dark. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed. We pitched our tent as quickly as possible, and were just settled inside when the rain came down in torrents. It continued to rain for two hours and we were beginning to fear that our tent would swim away, when a terribly strong wind came up. Before we knew what had happened our tent was blown away and there we were sitting on the ground in the flood and the storm. We had to cling to each other to keep from being blown away ourselves.

But the wind soon ceased and after searching a few minutes we found our wagon, which had been blown to the bottom of the hill. We slept in the wagon that night and the next day we started on our journey homeward. We were very glad to get back safely.

ANNA FÜHR.

AN INDIAN PONY RACE

INDIAN summer with its warm days and its beautiful balmy evenings had come, and out on the Western Prairies of South Dakota the last of the two great Indian tribes were gathered to celebrate their big fair—the one big event of the year. Ogalalas and Sioux came from near and far and in one short night pitched their city of tents and wigwams about the little inland town of Martin. Ancient chiefs with painted faces wearing their old war bonnets and highly colored suits covered with elks' teeth and bright beads. There were painted squaws whose long shiny black hair hung in pig tails over bright colored shawls, and little papooses dressed in beaded garments and highly decorated with feathers. All these roamed about the Indian village in their beautiful beaded moccasins.

All day and all night could be heard their war whoops, their drums, their wild chantings or songs mingled with the cries of the coyotes who were disturbed by a noise that had not been heard on the Western Prairies since the days when the Indians were masters of the country. Half naked and with faces highly colored in greens and reds, the chiefs and members of the tribe danced the old war dances, moon and sun dances, and funeral dances, while the squaws beat on their tom-toms and screeched the war songs and funeral dirges.

For two short weeks they were to lead their old savage lives once more. While the women searched for the fuel, many times walking miles away for it, and built the camp fires for the meals and festivals of rabbit, coyote and dog soup, the chiefs and their men danced and visited among themselves.

A week passed in this manner and on Monday of the second week there was a great stir in camp. The Indians in great numbers were wandering off toward a race track on the edge of the village. Working, screeching, mumbling, this great mass of bright color moved on. When it came to the tracks it separated, the Sioux taking possession of one side and the Ogalalas the other.

At the head of this gorgeous army were two beautiful ponies, Tony Boy, a bay, and the pride and joy of the Ogalala tribe; and Fox, a little Calico pony, petted and loved by the Sioux. A man hired by the Sioux, a white man who had raced for many years, was leading Fox. Not so with Tony Boy. A child eleven years old, dressed in red from head to foot, led Tony Boy in all the pride of the Ogalalas.

Over a pole in the center of the track hung a bright blanket embroidered in beads of many colors which was to be thrown over the winning pony's back.

Only for a moment did the whooping and screeching cease, and then with the crack of a whip the race was on. Close together the two ponies ran for some distance, their heads and noses pointed straight to their goal. But now Fox was winning a little, and then more, until Tony Boy seemed far behind. Urged on by fear of the white man's lash Fox was going faster, faster, faster until he looked like a speck rolling over the prairies.

But only for a few minutes and then like a flash, patted and stroked and urged on by the voice of his little master, Tony Boy gained and gained until he was a little distance behind Fox and then more patting and stroking and Tony Boy with every muscle strained to the utmost was almost side by side with Fox.

The last mile of the race is coming to a close and over most of it the two ponies have raced side by side. But now Tony Boy's little master leans forward and patting his long silky neck whispers something in his ear. Like a flash Tony Boy leaps into the air, spurts ahead of Fox who is dripping with foam and marked with whip lashes, and reaches the goal,—the winner of the race. Down from his back jumps his little master radiant with joy and with light fairly dancing from his eyes, and throws the blanket of bright colors over Tony Boy's back.

Amid the shouts and songs of the Ogalala tribe the little master now leads Tony Boy back to the village, and turns him loose with a pat and a word of love, to graze again on the Western Prairies.

LAURA HOOPER.



Extracts from Mother Play Abstracts

A kindergarten is a playground, a school and a home.

It is primarily a playground, for even the accomplishments of a child are the serious business of play. Here the children meet for good, wholesome fun. They romp and skip in the happiness and freedom that come when they are directed properly.

The kindergarten is a school where obedience to law is taught, where respect for the rights of others must be learned and where the virtues of kindness, politeness, honesty and fair play are developed. Here the inner life finds expression in outer activity and individuality is unfolded.

It is a home, for the kindergartner is the temporary mother of the children. She endeavors to understand and gently lead them in their physical, mental and spiritual growth. She supplies their wants, encourages their efforts and praises their accomplishments.

Extract from "WHAT DOES THE KINDERGARTEN MEAN TO ME,"

By Caroline O'Donnell.



The play of "Falling, Falling" strengthens the child's faith in his mother, because he knows that as he slips from her arms again he will be clasped lovingly to her.

In the end when the great separation of soul and body comes, it is said that our souls will again be caught up into the loving arms of our heavenly Father.

Extract from Mother Play of "FALLING, FALLING,"

By Sadie Cooper.



Let us always remember what encouragement means to the child.

Picture with him his future success in all worthy things that he attempts, and by developing all his powers his life may become a more beautiful and perfect whole.

Extract from a Mother Play theme written by Hester Osgood.



The instinct of continuity is that in the child which makes him seek to learn the past as well as the future—"What did you do when you were a little girl?" and "When I'm a big man. . . ."

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." This illustrates the idea of continuity, because there is nothing lost—everything which is done has its regular, logical result. We can not do things and expect to find anything except the logical results.

"We must do live when men do call us dead." Everything goes on from us to others, and so on. When we are alive, we reach a comparatively small number—even as Christ did. But when He died, more and more people were influenced by Him, and by those already knowing Him. And so it is with us.

Extract from ALL'S GONE—A Study of the Instinct of Continuity.

—Mildred Millar.

The Children on the Tower

RETROSPECTION—INSPIRATION—REVERENCE

WHILE it may be true that "you can't go back and get behind," yet how thankful we should be that we can go back and, by so doing, get a better start.

As I was walking home from College one evening last week, I saw a group of boys playing a game. It was a game of skill and competition. The base line had been made by one of the boys drawing his heel through the snow. The game was to see which of the boys could jump or leap the greatest distance. The older boys would start to run six or eight feet back, then make their leap from the base line.

I noticed one little brother quite a bit younger than the other boys standing on the base; by trying very hard he was able to jump quite a distance. As I came opposite the group I heard one of the older boys say, "Albert, go way back there and get a good start." I walked on past, and thought to myself, how much more able to meet the future we would be if we would occasionally "go away back there and get a good start" by going over our experience, looking ourselves squarely in the face and resolving "to hold fast only to that which is good."

Is not this one of the beautiful lessons we get from "The Children on the Tower?" How vividly it brings before us pictures of our own childhood. Don't you remember the day we took a walk with our own grandmother, and how impatient we were when she stopped to speak with someone? We did not want to stop, we wanted to go on. It may have been the same day or perhaps another when we played in the shade, under the trees and your grandmother and my grandmother sat on the porch knitting and talking. Do you remember how strange it all sounded when you tip-toed up the steps and stood beside your grandmother and you wondered why she would rather sit there and talk than play with the ball and hunt birds' nests. And then one Sunday morning you walked to church beside grandmother—oh the joy! But all these things are vague and dim compared to the experience of the "falling tower"—and after the noise and surprise the grasp of grandmother's hand holding yours tightly in her own.

What does this mean to us as Kindergartners? Unless we can think back and remember just how we felt in this or that experience *as a child*, how are we ever going really to live with our children in the Kindergarten? Unless we can do this there will be only a weak response from us when the childish voice calls, "Come out and play with me, I am the child you used to be."

MABEL JEAN GROSCH.

The Use of Music in the Kindergarten

MUSIC has many uses in the Kindergarten, and is therefore of supreme importance. It trains the child's imagination by giving to him tone pictures; it helps him to form the habit of good listening—very essential in little people, and through the ingenuity of the individual teachers its various uses are unlimited.

Music makes a direct appeal to little children. By the aid of music the child's sentiments can be trained, his standards of appreciation established; and its use in sense training is invaluable.

Our work as Kindergartner Directors is to develop high ideals in the child, to foster the love of art, and especially musical art, to recognize the power of music as a factor in education and to give our share toward building up "the musical future of America." This we can help to do by laying a good foundation for further musical development in the little child.

MABEL JEAN GROSCH.



All art aspires to reproduce the universe, and all art aims at motion. Painting and sculpture suggest motion, but music gives it. Words can conceal as well as express thought. Music, by its appeal to the emotions can reach the thinking faculties through the emotions. It does not represent, but it does express art in its highest form. By listening intelligently we can get the thought and enjoy a lasting benefit.

CARINE TAYLOR.



Through rhythm Nature is expressed; through melody emotion is expressed, and through harmony the Divine Itself is expressed. Each has its place, and harmony is the culmination of all three. Harmony is the adjustment of the parts to the whole, is co-operation, and therefore the keynote to our present civilization.

GLADYS M. PETIT.

“How the Policeman Helped Molly”

ALTHOUGH Molly Brown was only a very little girl, not quite six years old, she was just as much of a help to her mother as though she had been a big girl.

One day a lady had asked Molly's mother to come and stay all afternoon with her and not go home until after dark. That meant that somebody would have to get Daddy's and Little Brother's supper, but Molly was sure that she could, if she knew just what to do.

When Mrs. Brown was all ready and had on her hat and gloves, she said: “Now, Molly, take very good care of Little Brother, and give him a bowl of bread and milk if he gets hungry before supper time. When it begins to get dark, put the crock of baked beans in the oven to warm and set the table. Father will do the rest when he comes.”

“All right, mother, dear. I will try to do everything just right, so that you may have a nice time.”

Molly and Little Brother went to the gate with her, and waved until she was out of sight. Together they ran into the house and planned something to do while they were alone all afternoon. First, they played house. Molly's dolls were children, and they played the father and mother. After a while little brother said that he was hungry, so they each had a bowl of bread and milk, and then put some cookies in their pockets to eat out of doors.

“You can't catch me!” cried Molly, and away she went, around the house, Little Brother running after her as fast as he could. At last she stopped, and laughed and laughed.

“You'll have to grow some before you can catch me!” she said, but Brother did not mind at all. He knew that he was not so very big yet. Then Molly swung in the hammock and read a new story book, while Brother played in the sand-pile, near-by. After a while Molly glanced up, but the sand-pile looked so lonely. No little boy was in sight!

“Why, where can he be? He never runs away.”

All over the yard, behind each tree, and from the top of the house to the bottom, Molly searched, but nowhere could she find him.

“Little Brother! Little Brother!” she called over the back fence, but no one answered.

“Maybe he is at the neighbors,” she thought, and went over there. But the house was locked, and no one was in sight. The next house was empty, so he could

not be there. At last she thought of the little shed where the wood was kept. She turned the knob, and pushed hard, but the door did not move. Again she pushed, harder this time, but work as hard as she could, the door stayed shut. Then she listened at the keyhole, but she could not hear Brother crying, or even moving.

"I am just sure that he is in here," she said to herself. "His wagon was in here, and I told him to wait until I went with him to get it. I wish I had gone when he wanted me to. This door always locks when the wind blows it shut, and I suppose it did that when he went after his wagon."

It seemed almost time for her father to come, so she went out to the gate to look for him, forgetting all about how hungry he would be, and that she had to get his supper. He was not in sight, so she went back to the shed. Then she walked all around it to see if there was not some possible way in which she could get inside. Why, there was the window, that she had forgotten all about. Carrying some boxes from near the sand-pile, she piled one on top of the other, and climbed up. But she could just touch the window, instead of seeing in, because she was such a little, little girl.

Once more she went out to the gate, but it was so dark that she could not see very far. About a block away, a big, tall man was walking along, swinging a stick, but he was too large for her father. However, she thought that it might be some one who would help her, so she sat down on the step to wait. Closer and closer he came, walking so straight and tall. Oh, how she wished that it might be her friend the policeman whom she liked so well.

All day long, this policeman, with his blue suit, brass buttons and shiny star walked up and down the street, watching to see that everything was all right. He was everybody's friend.

"Why, it is! It is my friend the policeman," and Molly jumped up and ran to meet him.

"Oh, please, won't you come and help me find Little Brother?" she cried.

"Well, if here isn't my little friend, Molly Brown!" said he, as he swung her up to his shoulder. "Find Little Brother? I should say I will. Is he lost?" Molly told him all about it, as he carried her into the yard.

"I am sure he is in the shed, but I can't get the door open, or look in the window."

"We'll soon see," and he went out toward the shed.

When they came up to the shed, he found that the only way to get in was to break the window. So he took his big billy-club that he always carried with him and smashed the glass. Then he took a shiny thing called a flashlight out of his pocket, and pressing a little button, sent a stream of light into the shed. On top of the wood, and by the door, he flashed the light—nobody there—then in the two farthest corners—no little boy there. And then in the corner right by the door, and there was little brother curled up in his wagon, sound asleep.

Picking up Molly, the big policeman lifted her through the window, onto the pile of wood. In just a second, she had him in her arms, laughing and crying over him, she was so happy.

"Open the door, Molly. I think some one is coming."

Setting brother down in the wagon, she pushed up the latch and opened the door, and there stood her father.

"Oh, Daddy, I am so glad you came! I thought I had lost Brother, and I was so scared, that I forgot all about your supper!"

"Never mind, we should not want any supper without our baby."

While he and Molly went on up to the house to turn on the lights, the kind policeman picked up Little Brother, who was fast asleep again, and carried him in.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Policeman," said Molly. "It was so good and kind of you to help me."

"That's what I'm for. Good night," and he went away, eating one of mother's cookies that Molly had given him.

R. W.



1916-1917 NKC Bulletin Board

Junior Senior story writing

- I Read pages 99 to 3046
- II Note 10 references of last week
- III Write a story
- IV Use any spare time in preparing short talk on methods

Posted for Special Exams

Martha Reeves
Sylvia Pitt
Helen Noble
Neglected to wear rubbers
Reported by Miss Hill.

When out of ad-
jectives apply to
Dot. S. Ravenel who
has an unlimited
supply

Wednesday Jounes
Office hours from 12:57½
to 5:00
All desiring to comply with
Dr. Hodgins wishes see me
for appointment between these
hours

In order to give any
junior application
just consideration,
the name must be
attached
See - Miss Baker

Wanted! "A Kiddie Ken"
and microscope to use
in finding girls at noon
hour Miss Kearns

Miss Kearns will see
all overcut students
in the operation room
Main Building
Room 2

Section
The "more Delight Plan"
applied to College. All N. K. C.
students recommended to go
Student Council.

Wanted - A "Maximum"
silencer to use in chorus
Mrs. Kolbasat

Sort
One wash board size 6x8
Return to Myrtle Dalton
and receive reward

Field Science Trip
(next time)
Seniors meet at the North-
western Station. Take
"thinner" to golf. Buy
tickets for one way only.
We'll walk back. Make
special study of jail
birds.

Notice
Would it be possible to have
phones installed on 2nd and
3rd floor of North House, to
eliminate the necessity of
having popular maidens
suspended over the benches

Sort
Between 6:30 a.m. and
10:30 P.M. - 5 minutes. Please
return to Dot Herbert as it
upsets her day.

Sort
A Senior Class Reception some-
where between the Kitchen,
Dorm, Reception Hall and Cellar

Can't someone answer
Alice Sids constant
question, "Has any-
body seen my cat?"
for description see
the above.

Food Dile Postponed
Are there N. K. C.
Seniors? Or did
they want to have
their names called?
S. C.

A Children's Play

"The Great Walled Country"

MACDONALD ALDEN'S story of The Great Walled Country was told to the children in the Evanston Elementary School two or three weeks before Christmas. They asked to "play" the story and the children in the third grade worked out the following dramatic form, dividing the story into scenes, selecting the characters, putting the expression in direct discourse, and deciding upon simple costumes and stage settings. In all this planning the teachers helped, making suggestions to the children when their guidance was needed for truer expression. The school, including kindergarten, first, second and third grades, gave the play. Kindergarten and first grade, however, as the children of The Great Walled Country, furnished the "chorus" in the scenes and did not take special parts. This dramatization is given as suggestive of the way in which a school play or festival may be developed from a worth-while story or incident if the children show sufficient interest to enable the play to grow as their own expression.

SCENE I

Setting—The Palace of the King of The Great Walled Country. (*The small stage of the school was used for the Council Chamber in the Palace, without special decoration except the throne of the King for which a high chair was used with a bright rug thrown across the back.*)

Characters—King (*costumed in gilt crown and a cape of imitation ermine*).

Stranger	}	No special costumes
Inge		
People of The Great Walled Country		
(Represented by all the children)		

(*The language throughout the play is the children's own, as will readily be appreciated; no changes were made except to meet the demands of correct English.*)

KING: My people, we have met today to talk about our plans for Christmas.

STRANGER: O King and People of the Great Walled Country, I think it's a very foolish way you have of celebrating Christmas. I have heard that you go to the forest to find presents for each other. Then some people do not get what they want. Why don't you get your own things, and then you will all get what you want?

KING: My people, do you think this is a good plan?

CHILDREN: Oh, yes!

FIRST CHILD: O King, I never got a doll as large as I wanted.

SECOND CHILD: O King, one time I got a doll carriage and I wanted a doll bed instead.

THIRD CHILD: O King, one time I got a necktie and I didn't like the colors in it.

FOURTH CHILD: O King, one time I got three trumpets, two drums and two horns and that was too much noise.

FIFTH CHILD: O King, one time I got four books just the same.

SIXTH CHILD: O King, once I got a doll with blue eyes, and I wanted a doll with brown eyes.

KING: My people, hereafter we will follow the new plan. At 12 o'clock we will go out and find the presents that we want.

(King and people file out of the Council Chamber, leaving the boy Inge behind.)

INGE *(to himself)*: My little lame sister cannot go, and she will have no presents. I will not obey the King's orders. I will get presents for my sister instead, to show my love for her.

SCENE II

Setting—The Christmas Tree Forest beyond the Palace. *(A few little fir trees made the stage decoration in this scene.)*

Characters—King }
Inge } Costumed in forest green hoods and capes
People }

(The children are heard singing Christmas carols in the distance, the clock strikes 12, then the children enter the forest in successive groups. Each group, beginning with the kindergarten four year olds, plays some Christmas game or dance as they go to look for gifts. Finding none the children cry out in their disappointment and leave the forest in anger or in tears. The conversation is very short and informal with the younger groups. The third grade finally closes the scene with the following complaint in which the King joins.)

FIRST CHILD: I cannot find any presents. I looked high and low.

SECOND CHILD: I cannot find any either.

THIRD CHILD: Did you look under the trees and on the branches?

FOURTH CHILD: Yes, I did. I looked under the trees and on the branches.

FIFTH CHILD: How many presents have you?

SIXTH CHILD: I haven't any.

SEVENTH CHILD: Why, Grandfather Christmas forgot us this year.

EIGHTH CHILD: I don't see why he didn't bring us anything.

NINTH CHILD: He is getting so old he forgot us.

TENTH CHILD: O, dear, what shall we do?

KING: My people, do any of you know why Grandfather Christmas forgot us?

CHILDREN: O King, we do not know.

KING: Tomorrow morning at sunrise we will march to the house of Grandfather Christmas and ask him why he forgot the children of the Great Walled Country.

(The King and Children leave the forest. Inge appears with a bulging bag.)

INGE *(to himself)*: My bag is so full! I don't think Grandfather Christmas ever left so many presents before, and the stars never shone so bright.

INGE sings:

While the stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
Beam from our eyes.

CHORUS

For at this blessed time,
Long, long ago,
Christ Jesus came, who lived
God's love to show.

While bells of Christmas ring,
Joyous and clear,
Speak only happy words
All love and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
And in love take.
Gladden the poor and sad,
For love's dear sake.

(Holiday Songs.)

SCENE III

Setting—The House of Grandfather Christmas (a little playhouse of one of the children was used and was placed in one corner of the stage.)

*Characters—King
Councilors (other children) } Costumed still in hoods and capes
Grandfather Christmas (Costumed in customary red suit with imitation
ermine trimming).*

(This scene is opened with the King and Councilors marching toward the House of Grandfather Christmas. As they approach and halt about the house, Grandfather Christmas is heard loudly snoring within.)

KING: Grandfather Christmas sleeps one hundred days after Christmas, so we will have to wake him.

FIRST CHILD: O King, may I call? Grandfather Christmas!

SECOND CHILD: O King, I have a louder voice. May I call? Grandfather, Grandfather Christmas!!

THIRD CHILD: O King, I can call still louder. Grandfather, Grandfather, Grandfather Christmas!!!

FOURTH CHILD: O King, I have a louder voice than anyone else in the Great Walled Country. Let me call. Grandfather, Grandfather, Grandfather, Grandfather, Grandfather Christmas!!!!

FIFTH CHILD: O King, we will have to turn the hands of the clock around two hundred times.

(Fifth Child enters the house. All the children count. On the last count Grandfather Christmas appears at the door, rubbing his eyes.)

GRANDFATHER CHRISTMAS: W-W-W-What's all this about? W-W-W-What did you come for?

KING: We came to ask why you forgot the children of The Great Walled Country.

GRANDFATHER CHRISTMAS: Forgot the children of The Great Walled Country! Why, I never forget anybody.

CHILDREN: We looked all over the forest and we couldn't find any presents.

GRANDFATHER CHRISTMAS: What about Inge? Didn't Inge find any presents? Go to his house and see if he didn't find some presents. If you would follow Inge's example, you would not need to disturb my nap. G-oo-oo-d-by! *(He ends with a prodigious yawn.)*

(King and his Councilors march away—Grandfather Christmas is heard continuing his nap.)

SCENE IV

Setting—Living Room of Inge's House. (The entire stage was used for this room and was furnished with a little Christmas tree decorated by the children themselves. Some of the kindergarten toys lay underneath the tree and on a little table at the side.)

Characters—Inge.....(Cape and hood)
Inge's Sister.....(Red house jacket)
Children.....(Capas and hoods)

(As the scene opens, the little sister sits in a chair by the tree. All the children crowd about her. As she mentions her gifts she holds them up for the children to see.)

SISTER: Just look at the toys I have. I don't see how Grandfather Christmas could ever hang so many on the trees, and I don't see how my brother Inge could carry them all in his bag! See, I have a doll!

CHILDREN: Oh! A doll!

SISTER: And I have a doll carriage and a doll bed!

CHILDREN: A doll carriage and a doll bed!

SISTER: And a beautiful doll house!

CHILDREN: Such a beautiful doll house!

SISTER: Here I have a picture book.

CHILDREN: A picture book.

SISTER: And some story books.

CHILDREN: Some story books!

SISTER: And I have some pencils and some paints.

CHILDREN: Some pencils and some paints!

SISTER: And a ball and a top!

CHILDREN: A ball and a top!

SISTER: And here, you see, I have a wonderful music box!

(At this point the children burst forth with a glad Christmas carol and the play closes.)

Carol, oh carol,
Christmas is here,
Gladdest of birthdays in all the year,
Gladdest of birthdays in all the year.

Sing little children,
Glad carols wake.
We'll love each other for Christ's dear sake,
We'll love each other for Christ's dear sake.

(Walker and Jenks.)

EDNA D. BAKER.



Pippa Passes

IN the little village of Asola, in Italy, there are many great silk mills, for in that sunny southern land the silk worms thrive. They spin soft cocoons, which are taken to the great silk mills, and there these silken strands are spun out ready for use.

Every one in the village of Asola took great pride in these silk mills, and everywhere they went in the village they could hear the busy hum-m-m, hum-m-m, humming songs of the wheels. Many people, old and young, worked in these great silk mills.

The poet, Robert Browning, tells us a story of a poor, young girl named Pippa, who was obliged to work all day in the mill winding silk on the whirling, whirling spools.

Now, the people who worked in the mills had one day in all the year for a holiday. And when Pippa knew she was to have one perfect day in which to go away from her noisy work and to wander over the hills she was so happy she began to dream of the wonderful things she would like to do.

At last her holiday came, and as she sprang out of bed and looked out at the morning sunshine touching the eastern sky a rosy red, she said: "O, beautiful day! I am Pippa and have only this one day for my holiday. Help me to use it well, so that each golden hour will bring pleasure and help me, as I go out into the world to do some deed of love." Pippa was so happy that while dressing she sang songs to the sunbeams as they danced in her basin of water, and she sang to her lily plant:

Tomorrow I must be Pippa, who winds silk
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk;
But this one day I have leave to go
And play out my fancy's fullest games—
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so.

As she ran forth from her tiny home the long sandy road seemed to unwind before her like a spool of yellow silk. She was so happy she sang and sang, and the little children playing in the village street heard her song and began to dance and sing also.

Then she wandered away from the village and followed the winding road up the hillside. How beautiful everything looked in the bright morning sunshine! The grass blades were sparkling with dewdrops, the song of the morning lark was heard overhead, and Pippa, hearing the song of the bird, felt so happy she began to sing this song:

The years at the spring,
And day's at the morn:
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew pearled:
The lark's on the wing:
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

A blind beggar man sat by the roadside and as he heard Pippa's song he felt that he, too, could see "the lark on the wing" and "the snail on the thorn," and he said to himself: "Even if I cannot see the lark I can hear and enjoy the song, and 'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world!'"

Pippa did not know her song had helped the blind man, but she passed on and on up the hillside still singing. By and by she saw a poor mother sitting at the side of the road rocking her little baby. The baby had been ill and restless all night and the poor mother could not sleep, so she had taken her suffering little one out into the morning air; and then came the song of Pippa. The tired little one seemed soothed by the song and was soon fast asleep in the mother's arms and the weary woman dropped her head upon her breast. As she closed her eyes to rest she murmured softly, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world!"

But Pippa did not know her song had helped. She passed on up the roadside singing and singing.

Presently she drew near a tall castle, in which some stone masons were busily at work.

Now there was a young man among them who was discouraged and his heart was heavy. "Why am I forced to cut the stones for the steps in this castle," he muttered. "I am a good stone mason, why was I not chosen to carve the lofty towers of the large stones of the gateway? My work will never be seen or noticed and men will tread upon these steps with their dirty feet."

Then the voice of Pippa was heard singing:

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly, he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
On earth each only as God wills
Can work. God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last or first.

As the young man heard this song a new light came into his eyes and he said, "My work is important, for how could men ever reach the castle towers without these steps to climb upon?"

But Pippa did not know that her song had helped; she just went on and on up the hillside singing. Soon she passed a ruined home, and in this home there was a strong man who wasted his time and strength in selfish pleasure, while the world needed him to do some great deed. Suddenly the voice of Pippa was heard outside singing:

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven.
The hillside's dew pearled:
The lark's on the wing:
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

"God's in his heaven," said the man. "Do you hear that? Who spoke?" As he looked outside all he saw was a ragged young girl, as she went up the hillside singing, but it seemed to the man as though God had called him, and he was suddenly ashamed of his wasted life. He sprang to his feet and went out into the world to give the world the great deed.

But Pippa did not know her song had helped and she went on and on up the roadside singing.

At last the western sky grew all purple with the light of the setting sun and then the red sun suddenly dropped into a dark cloud.

"O," said Pippa, "my beautiful day has gone; the lark has flown to its nest and all the birds have sung their good-night songs. I can hear the owl's cry: 'Whoo whoo, whoo-o!' and the bats are flying overhead. I will go to my own bed and rest."

* * *

As she was making ready for the night she thought of the morning sunshine which had awakened her. "My beautiful holiday has passed," said Pippa. "I promised to do some deed of love, but I have just been so happy with my day dreams that I have not helped any one."

But the day knew that Pippa had helped every one with her joyous song.

In the morning Pippa went back to her work in the great silk mills, but she still felt the joy of her beautiful holiday.

Personal Contribution of the Story Lady, MISS GEORGENE FAULKNER.



A Kindergarten Standard

ONE significant movement in the present-day educational world is the attempt to standardize the schools. The Kindergarten has not escaped the eagle eye of school men and the persistent demand has come for a kindergarten standard by which the attainment of kindergarten children might be measured. The Senior Curriculum class in working on this problem developed some interesting tests of which we submit the following one, not as in any sense conclusive but merely as suggestive.

EDNA D. BAKER.

The minimum requirement of attainment for a child entering first grade at the conclusion of one year in kindergarten:

A—PHYSICAL ATTAINMENTS

I—Correct use or control of body.

a—In walking, running, playing.

1—Erect standing position.

2—Free use of body, not stiff.

b—In carrying objects as

1—Blocks.

2—Boxes of blocks.

3—Trays of objects, cups and the like.

4—Small pails of water for watering.

c—In putting on and taking off wraps.

II—Ability in march or rhythm.

a—Follow leader.

b—Lead simple march.

c—Keep time to music with rhythmic movement of body, sticks or band instruments.

B—MENTAL ATTAINMENTS

I—Ability to use simple but good English.

a—Clear enunciation.

II—Ability to express self in completed sentences.

III—Habit of concentration formed in

a—Listening to what others say.

b—Attending to what child himself is doing.

1—Talking—finishing his one subject.

2—Working—finishing one thing before beginning another.

IV—Habit of attention.

a—To what others are saying and doing.

b—To what child is saying and doing.

1—Leads to accurate observation.

V—Ability to count
a—At least as far as the number of children in kindergarten.

VI—Ability to take part in singing.
a—Sing simple melodies accurately with group and alone.
b—Sing in tune—no monotone.
c—Think thought of song.

VII—Ability to dramatize
a—Simple songs, stories and games.

VIII—Ability in work
a—Occupation.
1—Use scissors correctly.
2—Use crayon correctly.
3—Do simple freehand cutting and drawing.
4—Do simple directed paper work.
a—Be able to apply to creative work.
5—Do simple clay and sand modeling.
b—Gift.
1—Ability to handle the gift material.
2—Some ability to use gifts in an original way.

IX—Sense Discrimination
a—Find hidden objects quickly.
b—Distinguish sounds correctly.
c—Distinguish spectrum colors.

C—MORAL—SOCIAL ATTAINMENTS

I—Respect for property of kindergarten, self and others.

II—Responsibility for own work.

III—Habits of
a—Neatness.
b—Order.
c—Punctuality.

IV—Reverence, faith and love toward God and His creation.

V—Care of Nature.

VI—Sympathy toward others.

VII—Obedience to laws of kindergarten and community about the child.
a—Courtesy.
b—Fair play.
c—Co-operation.

VERA GOING.

How to the Line Let the Quips fall where they may

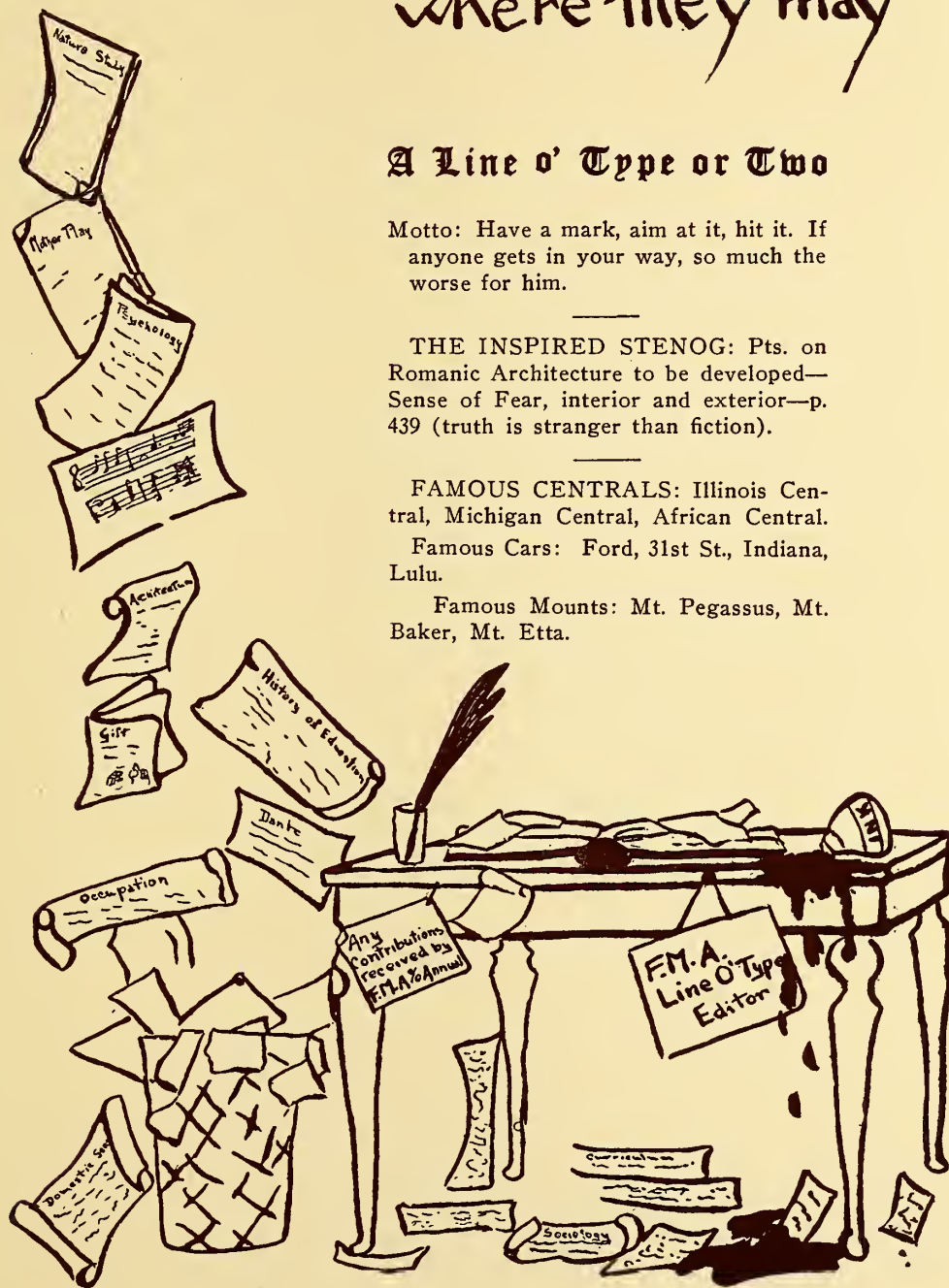
A Line o' Type or Two

Motto: Have a mark, aim at it, hit it. If anyone gets in your way, so much the worse for him.

THE INSPIRED STENOGRAPHER: Pts. on Romanic Architecture to be developed—Sense of Fear, interior and exterior—p. 439 (truth is stranger than fiction).

FAMOUS CENTRALS: Illinois Central, Michigan Central, African Central.
Famous Cars: Ford, 31st St., Indiana, Lulu.

Famous Mounts: Mt. Pegassus, Mt. Baker, Mt. Etta.



TO THE CANNERY

The Psychosis. Efficiency.
Say! Listen! "Here's a ball for baby."
Underlying thought.
Right spirit. Play spirit.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROT

dere theater Willie couldent com to
skol for we had a litel infant baby and
he died on us and Willie had to go on
the funrel. Mrs. X.

OUR FAIR BARBARIAN: "Freda
Gardner cannot vote because she is not
civilized."

WHY TEACHERS GO INSANE

1) "When a child is naughty or disobedient a right attitude of mind can be brought about more efficiently by reasoning with the child than by any capital punishment." (By adopting this method we may possibly save some of our children for future use.)

2) "Rhythm is the skeleton of music, therefore we should be very careful that the best is given to the children in kindergarten."

3) "Before a song is given to a child it must pass a third degree as to sound, gesture and speech."

4) "Most of the writers on music are either musicians who know nothing of philanthropy or philanthropists who know nothing of music."

5) "In the game of Falling, falling, the mother allows the child to fall on the floor—the child does not like this."

6) "When a child grows older he goes to school; finally he goes to College and the separation is complete."

7) "Note book for Circullum Class."

Cafe Near College

"PUDING"
(Probably Bred.)

Culture in the Dormitory

"No, I didn't go to see the Fuller Sisters. When I get home I want to talk about all the swell shows I've been to. They're not swell, are they?" Nuf sed!

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: The latest phenomenon in physics is the rainbeau. (For details consult Christine Heinig.)

Sir: A new use for Looby Loo is preparation for tub-night. M. F.

Sir: Are text-books blue all through, or is it simply the cover? Sniderite.

THE last thing in cleanliness—Why not have your laundry washed twice over? H. F.

Sir: In reply to your question, we beg to inform you that the champion Baker's name is Edna. Student Body.

AS we go to press we are reminded that the Seniors have reached the last stage in the Psychosis and are now looking for jobs. Good luck!

USELESS GIFTS

- 1) Eloquence in listening to a lecture.
- 2) Optimism when B is handed out.

Light Occupations

- 1) Writing abstracts on a point.
- 2) Looking for scratches on Stony Island Avenue.
- 3) Yawning on the morning circle.
- 4) Waiting for an "Express" at the 29th Street "L".
- 5) Watering paper flowers.

ALIAS OLD HEN

Speaking of the High Cost of Living, see F. M. A. about the "Profit Bird."

J. S. BACH and L von B—
Made some sound quite classically
Dick's long suit a motif gay
Don't forget this— F. M. A.

All Together.

Rah! Rah! Rah! for the
Line and F. M. A.

AN N. K. C. student wrote of some one's struggle to gain a "foot-hole."

According to H. F.

GIFT IS: Playing with blocks until you have so many you don't know what to do with them all.

ALL'S vell vat ends in der finish—
And this is mine. F. M. A.

A Stranger's First Impression of Our College N. K. C.

I WALKED down a paved driveway and approached what appeared to be a well-kept barn. However, as I entered a large entrance hall, I found the semblance of the barn sharply contrasted with artistic pictures, some well selected statuary and bowls of flowers. The very atmosphere bespoke activity. Several athletic looking maidens dashed by in middies and bloomers, others trooped upstairs carrying books and bright colored balls.

On inquiry I found that I might look over the place, and a business-like woman from one of the offices offered her services as guide. A bell sounded and we began our round to visit some of the typical classes of the institution. A most unusual class was my first observation. In a large, bare room, the students were standing around the walls. At one end I observed two or three girls down on the floor propelling themselves along to some rather minor music. However, in a few moments they began to "come to" and to straighten their bodies with queer rotary movements of shoulder blades and elbows, and then—suddenly springing to their feet, they tore around the room, waving their arms and stopping only long enough to sniff at those of their members who stood watching. It all struck me as very strange, but I refrained from questioning my guide. As we turned to leave the room, I saw that the whole class had now sank to the floor and seizing each other by the shoulders were rocking back and forth, in a true characterization of a squaw "registering grief."

I was informed that a class in Occupation was to be my next observation. It was very practical, I thought, that each of these young women should learn a trade, but hardly expected to find such a mercenary idea in a professional school. A surprise awaited me, however. Here the students, seated around tables, were tearing newspapers with abandon and interest which were delightful to see—paper being so high on account of the war. A trig little woman in brown was urging them on, hopping on the table to show the class an especially good bit of tearing.

We could hear sounds of thumping from an adjoining room and, as I was curious, we made this our next visit. A large masculine looking woman dominated the classroom. She was hammering on her table and talking very rapidly of the "pernicious spread of communicable diseases." To all appearances she addressed the tops of the students' heads, as they were writing furiously, glancing up very seldom and shivering in the great draughts of cold air coming through the wide open windows.

"Would you like to see our Gift class?" I was asked, as we entered the corridor. Of course, I agreed that I would and, indeed, such a clever idea as this—of making souvenirs for all visitors and friends had not entered my head. Again I was mistaken in my surmise for, in a large sunny room, there were some of the probably more backward students, playing busily with small blocks, taking them apart and putting them together again with seriously intent and rather worried faces.

In another room we found a class under the direction of a rather "youngish" looking man, who was threateningly fingering some good sized rocks which, without warning, he hurled into the midst of the pupils calling, "Catch." However, they caught them deftly and did not seem much perturbed.

"We have an interesting class in Mother Play," my guide remarked, as we came to the head of some stairs. I thought it rather a helpful arrangement, especially for the over-burdened kind, with several children, so nice to learn crocheting and bridge. Again I was wrong, for in this room a sweet-faced woman was showing the class some odd, old-fashioned pictures, and explained how the use of these would help little children to gain in good behavior.

Just here the bell rang, and we were surrounded by girls, pouring from the class rooms, and preparing to leave. I studied them as they passed and then—well, I withheld any adverse criticism of those strange classes I had seen for there was a lilt and a smile, and a touch of earnestness in their faces which seemed to tell me that one cannot always judge just from appearances.

M. H. C.





Children's Page

THE CHILD

Who comes to us like a heaven-sent flower,
Who fills with joy each day and each hour,
Who makes prosy life a rosy bower,
The child.

Who dances and laughs and sings all the day,
Who drives all our cares and sorrows away,
Who is it is glad just to play and play,
The child.

Who brings us to mirth at his queer little styles,
Who's so funny and dear that he keeps us in smiles,
Who makes us laugh at his clever wiles,
The child.

Who is it our highest ideals we have taught,
Who makes us hope he will live as he ought,
Who gives us moments of wonder and thought,
The child.

RUTH WINTERSTEEN.

One little child who was a twin was visiting a friend. She began to ask questions, one of which was: "Are you married, Mrs. Smith?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Smith, "I am." "Is Mr. Smith married?" "Yes, he is." "When were you married, Mrs. Smith?" "On the sixth of June?" "When was Mr. Smith married?" "On the same day, the sixth of June." "Why, I didn't know you were twins!"

A child was searching for something and did not seem able to find it. She finally exclaimed, "Girls should have eyes just like potatoes, then they could find things."

In playing "London Bridge" some children had great difficulty in deciding which to choose as they were asked, "What would you rather have—your country's flag dragged in the dust, or your grandmother killed?"

A kindergartner was going out to dinner, and consequently was all dressed up. Getting off the car she was met by some of the children, one of whom remarked: "If I hadn't knowed you was a teacher I would think you was a lady!"

THE ONLY SON

It was her mother's birthday and the four-year-old was up in her lap patting her. All of a sudden she found a gray hair and said: "Mother, you have one gray hair!" The father being there thought it a very opportune time to teach a moral so he said: "Yes, mother has a gray hair, and every time you are naughty she will get one more." The child looked from father to mother and then said: "And Grandma's hair is all white!"

One of our Senior Directors writes: "During the cold weather my little Stella came to kindergarten minus underwear, so I presented her with some. She promised that she would wear them every day. Today I was suspicious and asked her if she had her 'panties' on. 'Yep, I got 'em, Miss Jaker,' and she proceeded to prove her statement. Lo and behold to my astonished eyes—were her 'panties' but only one leg! In answer to my question, she said, 'Oh, mama cut them in two so she could wash them and I'd still have some on.'"



In Mission Kindergartens the children were having their first experience with butterflies. One little girl studying over it said: "Butterfly, butterflies, butter doesn't fly—it spreads."



One child brought her big doll to kindergarten to visit us. During the short morning prayer the doll was thrust hastily into my arms while the small girl whispered, "For goodness sake, hold on to her till we get through praying."



It happened in kindergarten after one child had eaten his two allotted crackers and had drunk his milk. He asked for more, and the teacher tried to turn him off with this remark: "Why, Willie, but you certainly eat a terrible lot for such a little boy." "Oh," said he, "I guess I'm not so little as I look from the outside."



We were looking at some wonderful pictures of wild animals in a recent Geographic Magazine, when Betty said, "Once I went hunting in the wild woods. Yes, but all we saw was one little squirrel."



This morning the children were learning the name of the bird "Cardinal." "Oh! That's just like a Merry-go-Round," said Helen, "only that is Carnival."



During the story of the "Pig Who Jumped Over the Stile":

TEACHER: "Do you know what a stile is?"

CHILD: "Yes, that's the kind of clothes you wear."



SENIOR DIRECTOR (in a horrified voice): "Johnny, where do all boys go when they smoke?"

JOHNNY: "Down the alley."



Mary Caroline and Bobbie, aged 4, are watching the kindergarten chickens.

Bobbie—"The black one is the m-mother one and the big b-brown one is the daddy one."

Mary Caroline—"Those chickens don't know me, they don't know who I am. 'Chickies, my name is Mary Caroline.' If I come every day, they'll know me, won't they?"



Jean was very fond of her rabbit book and also of her Bible stories. One day she told her Auntie the following story in which the two were cleverly mixed: "Once the good shepherd was taking his lambs out for a walk and one little lamb fell down way down in a deep dark hole, and the good shepherd couldn't get him. But Uncle Wiggley Long Ears came along in his airship and he said, 'Never mind, Good Shepherd, I'll get your lamb with my airship.' So he went down, down, down into the dark hole with his airship and got the little lamb and brought it to the Good Shepherd and the Good Shepherd said, 'Thank you, Mr. Wiggley Long Ears.' Mr. Wiggley Long Ears said, 'Don't mention it.'"

Ink Spatters

The Annual is a great invention,
The School gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.



NIFTY KID JEFF: "Did you see that good looking chap smile at me?"
GRAN: "That's nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."



Did you see the salt shak-er when he saw the spoon hold-er?



HE: "His father died from hard drink."
SHE: "He did?"
HE: "Yes, a cake of ice fell on his head."



There was a young chemistry tough,
Who, while mixing some new fangled stuff,
Began to smile,
And after a while,
They picked up a collar and cuff.



GENEVIEVE H: "See here, are you looking for trouble?"
HELEN N: "Yes, I looking for Snider's 'Collaborated Psychology.'"



All North House must have been raised on the farm, as they respond beautifully
to a cow-bell.



Why didn't Miss Mottz get her pop-corn? Ask Bob and Betty.



What small mystery does Bob keep in the basement of North House?



MISS WOODSON: "What do we mean by saying 'Inferno' when we find in
'Moral Will', Vices versus the system of Virtues?"

SCHOON: "Why, er—er—That's what it would be."



Estelle Minsky says that her principal at home promised to get her a job, but
he has since killed himself.

GLADYS BIRD: "Perhaps the responsibility was too much for him."

One firm from which we asked an ad answered: "We advertise only in Women's Colleges."

The name Kindergarten must be misleading.

❖ ❖

PAULINE MAUREAUX: "Oh, Sweet Mother! Skin, you have such a strong voice."

SKIN: "Sure. I didn't raise my voice to be a whisper."

❖ ❖

RUTH KEARNS (to Vera Going): "Won't you please hold my fountain pen?"

VERA: "Why should I?"

RUTH: "It might run."

❖ ❖

ALICE BROWN (at Hubbard's): "Must I put this stamp on myself?"

CLERK: "Well, it is customary to put it on the letter."

❖ ❖

When one of our girls left home her father told her that if she needed to telegraph him, to make it brief and to the point. About a month later he received this wire: S.O.S. \$ R.S.V.P. P.D.Q.

❖ ❖

She failed in Psych,
She failed in Art,
We heard her softly hiss,
"I'd like to get the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

❖ ❖

FIRST FRESHIE: "Does your mother allow you to use slang?"

SECOND FRESHIE: "Good night! No, you poor fish, I'd get canned if I did."

❖ ❖

LOST

Our Pep. Return to the Juniors!

❖ ❖

She planned to kill him with a look,
As some young maidens can,
But this poor maid was cross-eyed, so
She hit another man.

❖ ❖



Lives of great men all remind us,
We can live a life sublime;
If we'd only work o' evenings,
And not fool away our time.

—DORM.



I never saw a pale blue cow—
I never hope to see one;
But by the pale blue milk we get,
I'm sure that there must be one.

—DORM.



"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell-boy who was conducting her. "I ain't a going to pay good money for a pig sty with a measly little folding bed in it. If you think that because I'm from the country——"

Profoundly disgusted, the bell-boy cut her short: "Get in, mum, get in," he ordered. "This aint your room; this is the elevator."



Most directors like to give their cadets a "boost" along the line of grades. This is a report Miss Woodson received from a Senior Director:

Name: *Mary Green*

Play Spirit—A+.

Professional Integrity—A+.

Ability to Handle Material—A+.

Nearest Car Lines—A+.



FRESHMAN QUESTION: "What did you get in Gift? C or see me?"



Overheard on a street car:

"He crost the ocean twinty-siven toimes an' he niver was dhrownnded but wanst!"

"Indade! And on which of his viages was the pore man dhrownnded?"

"I disremember, but I think it vas his twinty-siventh!"

"The luck o' him! Mony a mon wad a 'gone to the botham on his first viage instid o' waiting for his last!"

"Right ye are. There's mohr people dhrownnded by whater than by rhailrhode wracks!"

"'Tis a fatal death, begorra!"



MISS CREBS (talking to Emilie Seery): "What would Dorothee Ravenec do if she lost one hand?"

EMILIE: "Learn to talk with her tongue!"

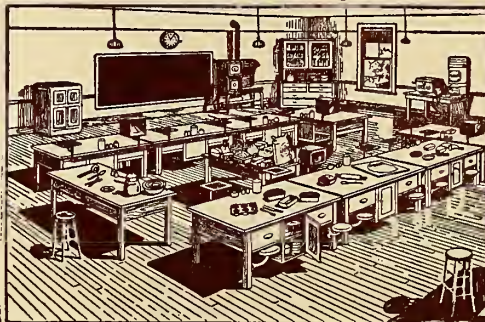


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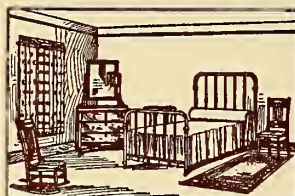
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